The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago — June 23, 1923

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The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Mιγμα

Amending a constitution is simple in comparison with amending the people to fit it. (*Wall Street Journal.*)

υ λ

A literary critic is a person who can find a meaning in literature that the author didn't know was there. (*Cleveland Times.*)

υ λ

The world's greatest paradox is the richest man in the world being groomed as the poor man's candidate for President. (*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*)

υ λ

The daily press has been making much of Judge Gary's championship of religion in his address as president at the annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute. . . . The whole address reminds the present writer of an experience many years ago at Niagara Falls when a minister's widow, after passing a pleasant word of comment regarding a sermon on the two great commandments, burst out passionately, "But, for God's sake, don't make too much of love to man." (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

Much astonishment and regret has been expressed over the wide vogue that such public speakers as Mr. Bryan and other fundamentalists have given to the anti-evolutionary interpretation of the Bible and the Christian religion. It is to be questioned, however, whether just such a revival of obscurantism was not needed to stir intelligent Christians to a fresh statement of the constructive and scholarly position. (*Christian Century.*)

υ λ

We agree that Congress can not impose on the states the obligation of enforcing or paralleling an act of Congress. But the state's responsibility for enforcing prohibition goes deeper. It goes back to the amendment itself, which places exactly the same obligation on the states that it places upon Congress. If both shirked the obligation the Constitution would be nullified in so far as the Eighteenth Amendment goes. We do not see that either can morally refuse to take part in the work of enforcement. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

For a K. K. K. meeting there are but two places less fitting than a city hall—a church that stands for charity and a courthouse that stands for law. (*Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

Are the discourtesy and bad manners that decline to accord any respect to the honest convictions of others evidences of Christian virtue? (*Congregationalist.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE TRUTH ABOUT OPIUM

WHENEVER the police arrest a vender of opium or its derivatives he ought to claim the protection of the English Government. For it is that government that provides him his stock in trade and shares the profits of the business.

Over and over again authoritative statements have been made showing the relatively small amounts of opium required for medicinal purposes. In callous disregard of the knowledge that larger production means wholesale misery and death, the English Government not only permits but encourages and finances the growth of an amount of opium in India that everybody from the Prime Minister down knows can find consumers only among the tragic victims of enslaving vice.

The recent international attempt to suppress or limit this vicious traffic practically failed because back of the opposition of the British delegate stood his government, furnishing capital to the Indian poppy grower without interest and rejoicing in the fact that its revenues from this source increased 47 per cent in ten years. English officialdom is vastly concerned over the possibility that the United States may interfere with its liquor traffic outside the three mile limit, but makes no objection to the extension of its opium traffic to every city and town from the Atlantic to the Pacific where misery and degradation and crime can be coined into pounds, shillings, or even pence.

* *

"HE HAS BEEN THERE"

WITH the unwarranted authority of much which appears in print and the dangerous power of newspaper headlines, must be put the exaggerated influence of returning world travelers.

Four great liners have recently returned to this country each bringing from four hundred to eight hundred people who have made a tour of the world in four or five months. Westbound the "Resolute" under the Panama flag carried the Raymond and Whitcomb party, the "Laconia" the American Express party, and the "Empress of France" the Frank C. Clark party. Eastbound, the "Samaria" carried the people who went with the time-honored house of Thos. Cook & Sons.

While many of these people belong in cities like Boston, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and while their going and coming will make no great impression, hundreds of others hail from smaller cities and villages where they will be perhaps the only individuals in the community who have been "around the world."

Quite naturally people will ask them about the trip. They will address the Rotary Club, the Masonic Lodge, the D. A. R., the church and the church clubs. They will talk to the boys in the bank or at the store. They will tell the story again and again at numberless tea parties.

Always underlying every conversation and address will be the idea, even if only half formed, that "he knows because he has been there." "He speaks with authority." He doesn't depend on "lying newspapers" or imaginative or prejudiced magazine writers. "Bill or Tom or Jim has as good a mind as any of them," "he has seen it with his own eyes," "they can't put anything over on him."

All this does very well if Bill and Tom and Jim have had real opportunities for observation, and if they have any minds with which to observe. It is all very bad if they have "merely a smattering," and if their minds are so warped and twisted by prejudices that they have formed totally erroneous conclusions.

Not all world travelers know even the names of all the ports at which they have stopped. Not all know the names of the countries to which those ports belong. Some have parrots in cages, and monkeys on chains, trunks full of beads and trinkets, a good honest coat of tan—and little else.

It is reported that one returning traveler recently used the word "porcupine" for "concubine" in describing his brief stay in China. Another in Japan thought a shogun was to shoot with. At the Taj Mahal, it is said that a fat man, seeing his friend up in one of the minarets, told his boy that he was in a "minuet." And at the Equator Father Neptune was described seriously as a Catholic priest.

Such grotesque and amusing blunders, however, are not the dangerous thing about the influence of returning travelers. Rather it is in a deepened prejudice against England, a greater hatred of Japan, less use for missions, greater willingness to leave India or China alone as beyond all help.

Those who stay at home owe it to themselves and to returning travelers to scrutinize what they say with care, to ask themselves the source of their authority, and to try to separate the wheat which many have unquestionably gathered from the chaff.

Those who travel abroad owe it to their friends and to themselves to recognize the vastness of the world problems which they have barely touched and to speak with modesty from their swivel chairs, their cracker boxes and their other thrones of power.

* *

PAPINI'S BOOK—A SUGGESTION

TOO much can not be said in praise of Papini's epoch-making "Life of Christ." In color, insight and imagination it is unsurpassed by anything written in recent years. It is as gorgeous and multi-colored as the Orient with which it deals. There is a peculiar probing quality in it, too. Now and then a sentence, or maybe only a phrase, pierces down into the secret places of the heart, laying bare strange things whose existence was unsuspected.

But the reviewers are oddly out of balance. The critical element is almost wholly lacking in what they have written. Apparently they have been swept off their feet by the sheer literary power of the book, and their reaction is almost wholly emotional. They have judged it as a piece of writing, giving little thought to the subject matter. In view of what the book claims to be, truth compels one to say that it has faults, some of them rather glaring ones. But these have been touched very lightly or passed over by the reviewers. Justice to all concerned, author, book and the reading public, demands that the matter as well as the style of the work be sifted and analyzed.

Let us see just what we have here. It is called a life of Christ, but it has more Papini than Jesus in it. As one critic has rightly said, "A narrative which passes through the mind of a Papini is not the same as other narratives." Fact and fiction, truth and speculation, are mixed indiscriminately; and the author affords no help in differentiating them—if, indeed, he perceives that there is any difference! One who knew nothing of the life and teachings of Jesus, taking up this work as an authority and without the checks and balances of sober, critical histories, would find it misleading. It tells too much—too much that lacks established foundation in fact or reasonable probability.

To read this book with intelligence and discrimination one must know something about the author. Papini accepts without question or doubt all the dogmas and traditions of orthodox Roman Catholicism. He had been an extreme atheist and scoffer. But a thorough-going experience of conversion had swung him to the opposite pole of emotional belief. While in that white-hot state of spiritual reaction he wrote this book. Consequently it reflects the dogmatic exaggeration peculiar to such a mental condition. He was over-wrought and the book shows it. He was in that ultra-credulous state where the miraculous and supernatural are submitted to no critical tests whatever. They are just accepted.

What we have here is an outstanding literary product, but a work utterly uncritical in conception and execution. Lovers of great literature find joy in its wonderful flashes of insight, its smooth, musical diction and its almost uniform elevation of spirit. But it contains a vast amount of theology in solution, and as a theological text-book it is not to be trusted. Its theology should be carefully weighed in the scales of sober, discriminating scholarship. As history it is scarcely more dependable. The figure of Jesus looms high; but it is only faintly the figure of the historical Jesus. The chronology of the Gospels is followed quite closely, but, accurately speaking, this is not a biography. It is fiction, lofty, exalted, sometimes ecstatic, yet fiction, strung upon a very light framework of history. It is a series of vivid, splendid pictures, many of them bearing only a remote resemblance to their original. It is not wide of the truth to call it a great historical novel.

Every preacher should have this book. He can not afford to be without it. It will furnish him seed-thoughts for many sermons. He should introduce it to his people, and make it his serious business to see that the introduction is fully and properly made. He should tell them something about the author and his predilections, and he should warn them against his impossible theological assumptions. Let him tell them just what the book really is, perhaps read a few of its rich paragraphs to them, and the live ones in his congregation will do the rest.

F. D. A.

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER AT PROVIDENCE

WITH all the planning and arranging for the Providence Convention remember that the *Universalist Leader* will be there. It will be there first of all to report the Convention and catch if possible something of the spirit to send throughout the length and breadth of our denomination. It will be there to set down for people in permanent form the great truths enunciated. It will be there to help in the general publicity work by which such a mighty influence may be exerted for liberal Christianity.

With all the other forces of the Universalist Publishing House it will be there to show our books, to distribute our pamphlets, to advertise our *Onward*, the live journal of the young people, and the *Helper*, our Sunday school monthly, and to make as many as possible of those connected with our staff personally acquainted with our friends from all over the country.

The editors and business manager and secretaries will be there to explain the plan to increase the endowment of the Publishing House. They will explain to you why the Publishing House, in spite of its growing resources, is in need of at least one hundred thousand dollars more to insure the maintenance of its present work, and should have it at once.

And while the main scribes will want to sit in at every session to do justice to the main job, some one will be in the *Leader* office throughout the Convention to do business and explain plans for the future.

Bring your suggestions for a better *Leader* and a stronger Publishing House. If possible write them down so that in the hurry of the convention they may not be lost and so that we may read them over in the quiet of the "sanctum" or some other spot.

All together let us give to our own Publishing House and our own *Leader* the wide, strong, constructive influence which every sign and augury and prediction says is possible.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXIII The Red Cross in the Far East

John van Schaick, Jr.

IT brought war days back to meet Col. Knowlton Mixer, once Deputy Commissioner and later Commissioner for France for the American Red Cross, on the dock in Manila.

I had left Mixer running the job in Paris when I ailed home in May, 1919. Since then he has finished p his work in Europe, taken the Associated Charities or a year in Baltimore, strengthened Red Cross work n Porto Rico, and now is manager of the Philippines Chapter. This is moving rapidly for a staid, middle-ged, successful, Buffalo business man.

Imagine a huge old-fashioned Spanish residence n the heart of Manila, with thick walls, large rooms, igh ceilings, broad stairs, and the usual courtyard nside. Imagine an almost endless line of Filipino nothers with little babies and half grown children iling into one of the large reception rooms of this ld Spanish house, and going one by one into the resence of a little, bright-eyed, soft-handed, soft-oiced Filipino woman doctor of the finest scientific raining and the deepest human sympathies, to be ooked over and instructed and helped up the hill of manhood and womanhood.

Mothers are mothers and babies are babies the world over and it is a tough old specimen of mankind which is not touched by anything calculated to help a mother and her child. What I am describing is the children's clinic of the American Red Cross in Manila. It is intended fundamentally to keep well children well. It does this by detecting infant ills in their incipiency and teaching mothers and children the beauty of strength and the way to get it. This noble young Filipino doctor conducts a pre-natal clinic for expectant mothers which is rapidly gaining the confidence of the people whom it is intended to reach.

No argument is necessary as to why babies ought to be saved. Low birth rate and high infant mortality spell downfall for any country quicker than the invasion of a conquering army or a visitation of plague. The American Red Cross has taken the position that its job is to prevent disaster as well as to rush in when it comes.

That the death rate among Filipino babies approaches the dimensions of a disaster we see from one of the posters issued by the Public Welfare Commissioner of the Islands, Dr. Fabella. In New Zealand only five babies per hundred die before reaching one year of age; in the United States ten, in Japan seventeen and in the Philippine Islands thirty-two per hundred. Assisted by one or two experts of the Rockefeller Foundation, in co-operation with the government as represented by Dr. Fabella and the university, and led by Miss Virginia Mason Gibbs, an expert public health nurse sent out from Washington, the Red Cross is helping the Filipinos deal with the great problem.

Already eighty native nurses have been trained for this work and sent out through the islands. Many have gone to remote places and faced primitive and dangerous conditions. They have been homesick at first, but such has been the pathetic need and the even more pathetic eagerness of the people to learn that most of them have stuck by their jobs. These rural nurses go into the schools, help find all manner of child defects and work out the plan to correct them. In a recent month's work these nurses saw 5,400 school children, met 3,800 people at clinics, and called on 11,000 families at home. What this work is going to do both mentally and morally for the Filipinos anybody with even a little imagination can see.

Even more significant is the statement that one million Filipino school children belong to the Junior Red Cross, learning early to think of the "other fellow," to be on the spot in any emergency and to grow up to support the Senior Red Cross.

Fifty-two thousand dollars were raised by the Juniors last year, and it was spent in dental clinics, first aid medicine cabinets, and to buy cloth for garments to enable needy children to attend school. "Good teeth for the Philippines" may seem like an unworthy slogan for the Juniors, but good teeth are related to morality and efficiency in a way which people are just finding out.

On the ground floor of the Red Cross building in Manila I ran upon another office which had a familiar look. On the door was the sign "Associated Charities." Inside was another keen, alert little Filipino woman, Mrs. Martinez, a graduate of the New York School of Social Service, who is starting out to do a new thing in the Philippine Islands. Instead of swallowing the statement, "There is no poverty in the islands," instead of accepting a loin cloth and a banana tree as a family standard of living, instead of giving indiscriminately to beggars—the Red Cross takes the position that if people apply for help they ought to be encouraged, trained and helped to help themselves. If the poverty is from sickness, cure them; if it is from lack of work, find work; if it is from general shiftlessness, stir them up. As there is no separate Associated Charities, the Red Cross is fostering the organization in self-defense until it can go alone. The bureau deals with three to four hundred families a year. It found work last year for seventy-six persons. It sent 138 to hospitals. It gave food and clothing to 214. It spent some $4,000, all Filipino money. But, far more important than anything else, it spreads the idea among these teachable people that thrift and self support are fundamental human virtues and that if a man has to be helped he ought not to be treated as tourists treat beggars.

In the big building I found also a "production room" where Filipino women whom the Red Cross had to pension were earning their pensions making garments needed in other directions. While they sewed their children were looked after intelligently and kindly in a day nursery.

The Home Service Department under Miss Mabel B. Smith of Kansas City, as in the United States, looks after disabled veterans of the Great War, of whom the Philippine Islands have their share.

The Military Relief Department deals with soldiers now in the United States Service in the islands, some four or five thousand American soldiers and six or seven thousand native Filipino troops. The Red Cross agents visit the sick, distribute literature and advise the troubled or lonely.

And what Americans ought to realize clearly is that practically all this work of the Philippines Chapter of the Red Cross is supported by the Philipines. There are, as I have said, over a million juniors and 122,660 senior members. What Washington does is to furnish some expert guidance, send over roll call literature when it is issued in the States, and turn back to the chapter that part of the dues which naturally would go to the National Headquarters in Washington.

"Since the need of the islands is so great," said the manager, "the executive committee has adopted the policy of restricting all expenditures to the islands themselves. It is not difficult, however, to envisage a time in the not far distant future, when it will be the privilege of the chapter to assume its part of the world's work."

Just how far the influence of the chapter already extends it is hard to estimate. A representative of the Royal Siamese Red Cross, Miss Wan Piroshaw, of Bankok, has been in the Manila office for three months making a study of the methods used to take back to her own country. I found her a capable and delightful person.

Disaster relief, of course, is also a fundamental activity. Two bad fires in Manila and one in Zambales were dealt with in recent months.

And then a few weeks ago there came down upon the Red Cross one of those totally unlooked for things that it has to be ready to meet. Admiral Stark and his White "Fleet," if it can be called that any longer, limped feebly into port with a crowd of refugees. They were the last of the White sailors and soldiers who had fallen back on Vladivostok with some of the members of their families.

Recently the Japanese withdrew their army from Vladivostok and the Red Army came in. In order to save their lives people hastily manned eight or ten old hulks, all that was left of their fleet, and steamed away. A few were left in Korea, a few in Shanghai, but the majority appeared in the Philippines. Many are common Russian sailors, but some are officers. One hundred and seven of the men have their wives with them, and there are sixty-one little children.

I saw these Russian refugees and felt that they would be an asset to any country. General Wood tried to get them admitted to the United States as immigrants but Russia's quota was full. It is a nice question whether people in such circumstances should be charged against any quota. There are not many of them and they might well be let in.

Meanwhile the Red Cross is looking after them, feeding them in barracks, trying to get them jobs, arranging little amusements for them and seeking in other ways to relieve their hard lot.

Miss Reed, daughter of General Reed of our army, found a young naval lieutenant among them intensely devoted to music. She got hold of a Stradivarius violin and gave it to him. He could not take it in that this violin was a present. It seemed incomprehensible to him. It was enough to be allowed to touch it and to play it, but to have it—that was beyond belief. He was dazed. And yet it was to keep. What a noble thing is charity which goes beyond bread!

An amusing incident came when one of these huge men with an injury to his eye was taken to Dr. Nicolas, a competent little Filipino woman surgeon. This gigantic Russian couldn't believe that the tiny woman was the surgeon who was to care for his eye.

As we sailed out of Manila Bay some of us stood on the bridge after we passed Corregidor Island to look over into Mariveles Bay and if possible see the last of this sad little fleet. In the gathering darkness, we were not sure that what we saw was the White Fleet, but we knew that they were there, their last voyage done, with no future but to be beached in some out of the way place and abandoned. We all felt the pathos of the situation and that, although we have not been able to do much for our old friend Russia in her years of travail, we at least can be good to the Russian refugees. We were grateful that the Red Cross was out here in the Far East to represent us.

At sea, nearing the Equator, March 23, 1923.

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XXIV. IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

"One of the happiest days of the trip," we said as we came back to the ship to-night and stretched out in easy chairs aft to cool off.

We are only three hundred miles south of the Equator, the sun seems vertically above us at noonday, it is hot enough I can assure you—and yet the impression of the day is of shade and of breezes. There is so much shade that the little native villages are completely hidden under broad green leaves.

To be specific, we are at Batavia, the capital of Java, or rather tied up at a dock five miles away at a place with the horrible sounding name of "Tandjong-Priok." And the trip about which we are so enthusiastic to-night is a railroad journey of forty miles to Buitenzorg, the residence of the Governor-General up among the hills.

We had breakfast at 7 and began to file off the ship about 7.30. Motors were waiting to take us half a mile to a railroad station, where we had an interesting half hour watching the dusky commuters, the Dutch and Malay officials and all the many colored garments of the natives. Our special train was comfortable and the ride was as interesting a rail journey as I have ever taken in my life.

We came to Java to see tropical foliage and it is all here. It is something which never disappoints. It runs true to form in June or November. It gave us spring, full summer and harvest time to-day near the end of March. To write a list of names of trees and plants collected from experts would convey nothing. To say the number of species is well over five thousand conveys little more. All I can say is that the impression deepened and strengthened at every turn is of a profusion, a luxuriance, and an abundance which must be seen to be understood.

Unquestionably the same sort of thing may be ound in our Philippines, which stretch practically ll the way down to the Equator also. But I do not appen to be familiar with those southern islands.

How can I make you see what we saw out of a ava car window? We ran over the swamps near the hip, through old Batavia and the new part called Weltevreden, past innumerable villages hidden and alf hidden by bamboo, banana, palm and vine. We had fascinating glimpses of native markets with crowds about them, native bamboo cottages with red tile roofs or thatch roofs and brown naked children playing around, of rice fields where men and women wading in mud and water suddenly straightened up and shaded eyes with hand to better see us go by, of gardens, of groves of rubber trees gashed and slashed, of rows of cinchona—at which I meditatively pulled out my unopened Parke Davis-Detroit-U.-S.-A. bottle of quinine sulphate so strangely come back to its ancestral home—past huge trees, and tall slender trees, and low green trees, and trees covered with orchids, and trees entwined with vines, and trees crowned with marvelous scarlet flowers high in air—ever up and up toward the lovely mountains. If "the trees of the Lord are full of sap," as the Bible says, this is the place the verse fits.

The thing that Buitenzorg advertises is not the palace of the Dutch Governor-General, attractive though it is, nor the new government buildings, nor shops, but a Botanical Garden.

Down here in the Dutch East Indies on the island of Java, thousands of miles from London and New York, is one of the most famous botanical collections in all the world. It is not only beautiful with the full unstinted beauty of the torrid zone, but it is useful to the island economically and so significant from a scientific standpoint that its bulletins are sought for around the globe.

It is that kind of tourist business we have been up against to-day—getting off in happy little groups by ourselves, lying on the grass, lolling under the trees, lazily watching white swans on little ponds covered with lovely lotus of every color, putting our glasses on strange new birds who sang for us in tropic heat at high noon.

There ought to have been mosquitoes—and there are mosquitoes, else why this quinine we are ordered to take?—but not one did I see. It ought to have been hot, and it was hot, but cool breezes crept softly down every shaded path.

For the eye there were dark greens on distant mountains and a thousand soft greens near by. Will we ever insist on deadly conformity in anything again after our lesson to-day of what nature can do just with green? They say foreign artists fail for a long time here. A half-breed native is the real artist of this "Island of a Thousand Greens." The lantana, introduced into the islands from Jamaica by the wife of Sir Stamford Raffles, for a few years the English governor, covers hundreds of miles of country, especially in Middle Java.

For the ear there were the birds that warbled and caroled and poured forth wild liquid notes. It is always rice planting time as well as always rice harvest. And I suppose it is always the time of song of birds. For the nostrils there were the delicious odors of what used to be called one of the spice islands. And for the taste, all manner of new fruits.

* *

We have had a second day in Java and last night steamed northward at nine o'clock. One friend went off into the mountains and had a night at a hospital, another went to a coffee plantation, several stayed at the hotel in Weltevreden, but most of us came back to the ship. The ship wasn't Java but it was restful. The real hades of a trip like this is to have to sit at table for four months with people whom you dislike, or to room with them. Luckily there are only a few such unhappy combinations. And of course the excursions ashore make all sorts of new combinations possible and necessary. We have been fortunate in every way.

Yesterday the trip around Batavia supplemented the beautiful excursion to Buitenzorg of the day before. There were four hundred of us. We made parties of five for each motor. And Dutch guides were sent along to explain things at the important points. The irrepressible, uncontrollable, anxious-to-be-first people among the eight hundred are learning to behave much better. They will be quite seasoned travelers before we get around.

At luncheon the music of the orchestra was unusually high grade and appealing, and we found that the players were all Russian.

How these various hotels can take in two to four hundred extra for a meal and serve them so efficiently is an unending marvel. At Batavia the long lines of barefoot, turbaned Malays came with military precision from an open air pavilion kitchen across the street, serving everybody quickly. Some native musicians and dancers kept pounding and swaying for some hours just across the street from the hotel, and collected a rich harvest. Fifteen minutes of that, however, sufficed very well. The Malay waiters were all engaged on the understanding that the Clark management "pays all tips," but they have little faith in a far distant management and great faith in the kind gentleman who has just finished a good meal.

I assume that most of my readers know what some of us have just discovered—that Java is an island in the Dutch East Indies, south of Borneo and Sumatra, six hundred miles long, belongs to the Netherlands, is the seat of government for all the other Dutch possessions out here, is inhabited by over 30,000,000 people and produces Java coffee.

Java is famous not only for coffee but for tea, cotton, sugar, sago, cinchona, rice, tapioca and rubber. There are great forests in which teakwood is prominent. Of mineral products, oil is important, some of it going to the United States. By climbing the mountains one can go through all the alternations from tropic to temperate and semi-temperate zones of vegetation. Java raises practically everything somewhere. If man plants and tills, Nature rewards him. If he doesn't Nature takes things into her own hands. In one place where extensive fortifications were pulled down nature covered the site in twenty-eight years with a jungle in which were twenty varieties of shrubs and trees, some of the latter eighty feet

high. The problem of reforestation is to shut natives out for a short period and nature does the work. Heat and humidity are the things plants like, and Java furnishes both.

Now as to the history; there are vast ages of it. In Weltevreden we spent some time in a museum which showed us what vast domains of human activity there are in both time and place that we do not know about. There were ancient stone statues, carvings and inscriptions. There were reproductions of modern houses and villages of all these vast islands. There were household furnishings, musical instruments, weapons, clothing, objects of worship of many periods.

Centuries ago there was an influx of Hindus and several Hindu religions. Later Mohammedanism got hold. To-day, among the various kinds of Malays who make up the great body of the people, the old Mohammedanism overlaid with superstitions until it seems to be an animism is the principal religion. There are missionaries, but Christian mission work is not strong. "We are one side and neglected," one missionary complained. "Our Lord Bishops," said another, "in their triumphal world tours don't know the difference between Java and jute."

Of the history all that we conceited Westerners will bother to remember is that the Dutch began to go to Java to trade about 1520, and since then, with slight interruptions by other Powers and some sanguinary wars with native kings, have owned the islands and its neighbors. Except for the horrible butchery of some twelve thousand Chinese in 1740 the Dutch have done reasonably well. In modern times the administration has been much broader and more statesmanlike than in earlier times. World opinion seems to be a real force, whatever scoffers may say. Even imperialism is developing a regard for the exploited races with which it deals.

In 1600 there was a terrible eruption of a volcano which sent down streams of mud and blocked the channel of the river at Batavia. Water backed up and made a swamp of the country around about. Old Batavia became a death house for Europeans. Between 1730 and 1752, 1,100,000 deaths occurred. About the beginning of the nineteenth century the Dutch Governor started Weltevreden, on higher ground adjoining, and in this part of the city all Europeans live to-day.

We who like the Hollanders found many agreeable touches in the life of the islands. The fine young Dutchmen out here to make their careers, honest, frank, hospitable, speaking English, as the vast majority do, added much to our pleasure.

The name John van Schaick, I am told, appeared on some villa in Batavia, but whether he deals in schnapps or human spirits I do not know. Long may he wave in the Dutch East Indies. There he will have little trouble with his fine old name.

Javanese, Sundanese, Madurese, all Malays, with Chinese traders, a few English, the Dutch and the miscellaneous assortment always found, make up the population.

We had for guides at Buitenzorg two young Russians temporarily in the Dutch Government Civil Service whose story I gradually got. They were cadets in the Russian Naval Academy near Vladivostok. When the "Reds" advanced eastward the first time, the entire school retreated to Vladivostok and took an old naval vessel. As the Red Army came into the town, it fired on them as they sailed out of the harbor. Without supplies and without money, they took on a cargo at their first port and made their way to Singapore. Here the boys who could get jobs were advised to do so. One of these boys became second mate on a British trader, then bossed a gang unloading boats and finally got to Batavia.

For five years he supposed his father to be dead, but seeing a name with the same initials in a French paper, he wrote asking the man if he knew his father. The answer came back: "I am your father." By that time his mother was in Vancouver and married again. His sister is in Moscow. His old grandmother is in the Ural Mountains. To both he sends food orders through Hoover. To his father he sends money for his support. Never in this world will that family get together, and yet they were better class Russians. This young fellow got his diploma and title of "captain" in Singapore from the faculty of the school before they separated. To-day he speaks English, French, Dutch, German and Malay besides Russian. He is clean, able, courteous and inexhaustible in kindness. May the good God who uses sorrow and adversity with which to help forge character watch over this boy. May some of God's human agents see that he isn't hammered on the anvil too much.

Last night just the width of the ship from us lay a graceful Dutch liner leaving Saturday for Amsterdam by way of Suez. She will take twenty-four days. On board she has over two thousand Mohemmedan pilgrims from Java bound for Mecca on a pilgrimage. The ships' officers are beside themselves placing them on deck and at table, for they represent many castes. They thought that at least it was safe to put father and son together, but by doing so stirred up an awful row. The son was of a higher caste. The father had to leave the deck chair and take a stool some distance away down the deck.

"That is probably a worse outfit to handle than we have," mused one of our ship's officers. But he didn't act very positive about it.

* * *

The little ships of Hope I send
To face the cruel surging sea
Are bound for distant, shining ports
Where victory must surely be.

I watch them from a barren hill
Toss on the grey and cheerless wave,
And wonder how it is that Hope
Still holds me such a willing slave.

Few gallant dreams survive the storm;
Life's net, so close, so strong and fine,
Draws up the tiny, helpless craft,
So fragile and so near divine.

But, oh, I see one splendid truth
Cling to the far horizon's slope:
My brothers send their dreams with mine
And join with me in hope for Hope!

James Waldo Fawcett.

Vest Pocket Lay Sermons

XXX Pascal

Agricola

JUNE 19 was the tercentenary of one of the most exquisite writers and profound thinkers France has ever produced. Blaise Pascal is one of those universal geniuses that appear only at rare intervals, and for which there is no accounting. His father was an unimportant judge and his mother not distinguished for intelligence or learning. Yet at his death at the early age of thirty-nine, the world knew it had lost a precious soul, one of the immortals in the long history of man.

Literary style is an inborn possession of the few. Rare and inimitable grace, in which beauty "flowers in a single word," may be pursued but never captured. The flavor of Theocritus, the exquisite grace of Horace, the ineffable beauty of Keats, have been copied and imitated, but the originals still stand in lonely isolation, above the utmost reaches of studied art.

Pascal has had many would-be imitators, but the perfection of his style is elusive and unattainable. The "atmosphere" which he created has been the despair of French, English and German alike. In his *Provinciales* he is the master of perfect form, in *Pensees* the profound thinker and moralizer on human life.

In only a few souls has there been such a union of diverse talents. Science and literature seldom flower in the same mind, though painting and science lived happily in the universal mind of Leonardo da Vinci. Science is cold, precise, logical. Literature flourishes only in atmosphere, in perfume, in delicate nuances that can neither be seized nor classified. Science lifts mortals toward the skies. Literature brings some of Paradise down to struggling men.

Pascal was a great scientist. At twelve he wrote on acoustics, at sixteen on conic sections. He became a pioneer in physics and hydrodynamics. In the age of Galileo and Newton he shone in the scientific world as a star of the first magnitude. As a writer he borrowed, as Shakespeare and all great writers have done, from others, especially from Descartes and Montaigne. But everything he touched was fused in the heat of his mellow genius until it shone as pure gold. One finds few parallels in French literature to the rich mine of wisdom in the *Pensees*, perhaps if at all only in the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne's essays, and Balzac's sage comments on the human comedy.

His Provincial letters are masterpieces of polemics at its highest and best. Here the satire of Lucian reappears, only in keener and greater abundance than in its Grecian prototype. Such delicate wit, such strength of argument, such grace and finish of form! It was a dry subject that called forth his shafts of ridicule, the age-long controversy over grace that began with Augustine, and lived to plague medieval theologians with its subtle intricacies.

How the battle raged as to whether inward grace is ever resisted, and that other mighty question whether Christ shed his blood for all men without exception! Calvin and Augustine were summoned as august witnesses, and the whole lesser crowd of monks, church fathers and disputatious schoolmen took up the never-ending debate. Only when Rome spoke did the world know what to believe, and whether to put its trust in Jesuit or Pascal.

Pascal failed, yet triumphed. The episode was only a minor incident of that desperate struggle for liberty of thought which filled the Middle Ages with noisy contentions, and darkened the sky of later times with the clouds of anger and religious hate.

He did not live to see his defeat. He lived long enough however to add an immortal contribution to the world's literature. Jansenism is a forgotten incident in the checkered history of religion. But the genius of its chief apologist shines in growing luster because in defiance of Catholicism it spoke the universal language of human nature.

The Labor Movement and Politics

F. Ernest Johnson

Research Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches

PERHAPS the first thing suggested to most people by the title of this article is the corrupt partnership that is often formed between labor leaders and political gangs. There are, it must be admitted, labor leaders who are cheap politicians and who regularly sell out their organizations in disreputable political trading. When a "central trades and labor council" in a large city falls under the leadership of "approachable" politicians, the result is one of the most evil alliances that ever disgraced municipal politics. In a municipality the political leaders and the labor leaders have very largely the same constituencies. It is very difficult for the reputable labor leader to hold his own against a barrage of evil influences whose aim is to make him "deliver" his organization for political purposes. But labor's participation in politics has a very different and more honorable aspect.

The famous reconstruction program of the British Labor Party, "Labor and the New Social Order," which was promulgated during the war, has been responsible for several attempts on the part of American labor groups to launch a labor party in this country. Programs were drawn up bearing a close resemblance to the great British document, which, it will be remembered, was a fourfold platform, or, in its own figure, a house with four pillars: the universal enforcement of a national minimum income; democratic control of industry; a revolution in national finance; and the devotion of the surplus wealth to

the common good. One can see at a glance that this is not a labor program in any narrow sense. There is little place in it for the familiar contention over wages and hours. In fact, the Parliamentary leader of the party, Ramsay MacDonald, has been warning labor against an unworthy and fruitless preoccupation with these matters. The business of the party as he sees it is to develop and carry out a program of social reconstruction for the community as a whole. Bargaining in the workshop, necessary as it is, is often only a "class offensive" on the part of labor; the party program as formulated by British labor is rather a "community offensive." The leaders of such a party, no matter what we may think of its merit, are not mere labor politicians: they are statesmen.

Thus far American labor has given but little endorsement to the labor party idea. To be sure, the Farmer-Labor Party, which is the present expression of that idea, last November succeeded in electing a senator from Minnesota. The movement flares up now and then with marked virility. Yet the genius of the American labor movement thus far has expressed itself in a quite different way. The American Federation of Labor has a definite political policy, to which it rigidly adheres, which is hostile to the development of a labor party movement. Mr. Gompers and his associates on the A. F. of L. executive are committed to a non-partisan policy. They regard the labor movement as an industrial phenomenon, and fear that preoccupation with political interests will dull the edge of industrial activity. They believe that labor should seek control of elections by singling out candidates who are its friends. The slogan is, "Reward our friends, punish our enemies." This policy does not prevent putting labor candidates in the field where no "friend" can be found on the regular tickets. The results of the elections last November seem to have had the effect of fortifying labor very strongly in this position. Opinions differ as to the relative importance of the many factors that entered into those extraordinary results, but labor was able to point to the success of many of its friends and the defeat of some of its enemies.

A commonly voiced grievance against labor is the passage of the Adamson Act in 1916, which secured to train service employees a basic eight hour day. Regardless of the merits of the measure, many people resented the use of a strike threat to force an act of Congress. Yet it would perhaps be difficult morally to distinguish between this bringing of pressure upon the government by a labor body, and the tactics of industrial operators who deliberately incur a stoppage of production rather than yield to a demand for recognition of organized labor. From the public point of view, the result is the same from whatever source the pressure comes.

The general public is probably no more sympathetic toward a labor "bloc" created through non-partisan action than toward a labor party. To support a candidate or a measure in order to further the interests of labor has the appearance of making government the ally of a group or special interest at the expense of the community as a whole. Labor's justification for its political policy is that its aims in seeking special legislation are in full accord with the interests of the whole community. This is the central fact in labor's relation to politics. Nothing is more settled in the minds of workingmen generally than that legislative power to-day is monopolized to a very great extent by property interests. The point is that, whatever the facts may be, labor has no doubt whatever as to the entrenchment of sinister influences in places of power. Labor organizations have their own "vested interests," and such interests are always a potential menace to democracy; but labor at least believes that in furthering the aims of the workers it is championing the cause of "the people." In acting on this theory, labor leaders, and especially legislative representatives, are often, to be sure, very stubborn and quite lacking in imagination. Following the recent catastrophe in Asia Minor, the American Federation of Labor took the position that even the most temporary and limited modification of the immigration law to admit refugees would be an act hostile to labor. Preoccupation with a defensive policy has undoubtedly made labor too apprehensive of the approach of an enemy. Yet the attempt to break down protective legislation of every kind has been so insidious that even this unyielding attitude may be understood.

Superficially considered, labor's political program does not seem very constructive or broadly social. But those who take the trouble to inspect—as probably not many of the general public do—the proceedings of a national convention of the American Federation of Labor, will find much that is of national and even international scope and importance. Workingmen's compensation is not merely an industrial but a community matter. The industrial employment of children, against which organized labor takes a resolute stand, is a foe not of the workers alone, but of the nation. The national well-being is likewise involved in the effort to secure minimum wage and maximum hour laws for women workers. The struggle for civil liberties, so hard fought since the war, is closely identified with industrial disputes, but the issue is one of national importance, and every class in society has a stake in the outcome. Labor advocates the creation of a federal department of education. It favored the maternity and infancy benefit bill which became law in 1921. Labor backed the program of the government for the limitation of armaments, and favors American affiliation with the Labor Office of the League of Nations. It would be too much to say that labor is committed to internationalism even in the most ethical sense of that word. There is much less evidence of that kind of idealism in American than in British labor. But more and more labor in America as elsewhere is taking a world view of its problems. With reference to national issues there is an evident lack of well-defined ideals. Organized labor in America seems to have no conviction, for example, on the tariff question. It has not been able to agree within itself on the question of nationalization of the coal mines or of the railroads. Its political offensive has rather taken the form of resistance to some particular proposal which was considered to be hostile to labor's industrial interests. On the other hand, there are not infrequent evidences of a political idealism and the consciousness of a national mission which have become so dominant a feature of the

itish Labor Movement. When Henrik Shipstead Minnesota was finishing his campaign for the nited States Senate, he was asked by a news reporter hat he counted on to bring him success at the polls. e answered that he expected to be elected by the rce of public opinion. "Very well," said the re-orter, "but public opinion is for sale, and you haven't ie money to buy." But Shipstead replied: "In this ase public opinion is paid for; thousands of farmers ave paid for it with their farms, and thousands of orkmen have paid for it with their homes." Regard-ss of all questions of partisan alignment, here is a lear indication of a strong social consciousness in-piring a political campaign. Labor has likewise layed an important part in the new "progressive" ovement in the West.

Broadly speaking, it is hardly too much to say hat labor's attitude toward the government and oward political institutions is determined not by lass consciousness, but by citizen consciousness. Not uncommonly, workingmen inherit their politics ust as most other people do. But even the most olitically aggressive elements in the labor movement, with the exception of the inconsiderable radical groups ike the I. W. W., are seeking not to weaken or de-stroy or capture the political power of the State, but o make it serve democratic ends. On the whole, it must be admitted that the American labor movement has demanded little of the government in the way of special favors. One of the most prominent members of the A. F. of L. executive recently repudiated in the name of the labor movement the idea that labor needs or desires the advantages of class legislation.

The American labor movement, then, maintains an aversion to independent political action and to working class political movements on the one hand, and a critical attitude toward the dominant political parties on the other. It is not uncommon to-day to hear politicians of long standing party connection make light of the old party system and commit themselves rather to a non-partisan effort for the election of honest leaders and the development of constructive programs. It is impossible to say whether or not the diminishing significance of the dominant parties as rival political machines may yet give rise to a strong labor or farmer-labor party in the United States. In any case, there is evidence that the strictly class struggle is giving way to a struggle whose aim is the advancement of the interests of the whole community, a struggle in which labor participates heartily but which draws its leaders from men and women of all classes, political and industrial. There is a growing alliance between hand workers and brain workers, and an increasing emphasis upon justice and the national well-being.

Summer Reading

Daniel Evans

THESE are days of great expectation and much preparation. Men and women are eagerly anticipating their vacation. They love the very thought that soon they will be released from the strain and stress of arduous toil, and the din and noise of the crowded city, and be free to roam over hill and dale, and climb the mountains, loaf at the seashore, or sail their boats, and, best of all, work in their gardens. For these blessed summer occupations they are making their preparations. The golf kit is waiting, the fishing rod is fondly handled, the stout tramping shoes are broken in, and the seeds chosen.

The lover of books, too, has his great expectation, and is making his preparations. He will have leisure for quiet reading, uninterrupted reflection, and unhurried writing of his thought. He enjoys in anticipation the glorious hours of high companionship with great minds in their books, on the veranda, or in the hammock swung beneath the trees, or before the open fire. Rain or sunshine alike will be welcomed by him. They will not interfere with his purpose.

The book lovers are a very generous folk. They do not want to keep good things to themselves. They like to share these non-competitive goods of the mind which increase in value the more they are shared, and are not lessened in quantity. The word they pass when they meet is: What good book have you found recently? What's your old favorite, and your new discovery, and your anticipated adventure amongst new books?

Though I am one of the humblest of this tribe of book lovers, I would like to share my goods with others, and especially with the ministers, who ought to be, and some certainly are, of this tribe.

Since I go to the country for my vacation, and like to live much in the open and come close to nature, I keep my senses and my mind open and alert that I may understand her life better and appreciate her wonders more highly and have a richer communion with her. I will turn to my shelf of nature-books and take down my Selbourne, Burroughs, Torrey, Hudson, and take some new books with me, like Dendy's "Problems of Modern Science," Kidd's "A Philosopher with Nature," Thomson's "System of Animate Nature."

If nature is a wonderful subject of study, man is still more wonderful, and a greater and deeper knowledge of human life is the more excellent knowledge and the greater good of the intellect, as Dante taught. And so I like to read some biographies every summer, and would count that summer, if not lost, certainly not wisely used, that did not register some reading in biography. To begin this reading, like grace before meals, it is well to read Thayer's "Art of Biography," and one may choose from the books he suggests, or make his own selection. If one has not yet read Page's Life and Letters, and Lane's Letters, then he has much in store for this vacation. Having read with much interest Julia Cartwright's "Millet," I plan to read Meynell's "Corot and His Friends" and G. F. Watt's Life. This will take me into the region of art. Then, to see how a great modern Italian writer has lived and worked, I will read Antonio Fogazzaro's Life, for this will give me insight into the meaning of his great novel "The Saint," and of the Church and

Modernist Movement in Italy. I shall also want to know how Canon Scott Holland grew to be such a noble soul, and fearless thinker, and daring advocate of social progress, and so I'll take his Life with me.

There's rich pasturage for the mind in literature, and refreshing brooks from which one may drink deeply. There's not much time in the winter for novels, but they receive attention in the summer, and the competition is between the old and the new novels, and no summer I now feel should pass without reading one or more of the amazing Russian novels, by Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Gorky, Gogol or Tchekhov. And it is well to keep up with the works of Sheila Kaye Smith and the late Katherine Mansfield, and Galsworthy and other distinguished English novelists. Nor should one neglect those of our own land, like Mrs. Wharton, Miss Cather, Lewis, Herrick.

Since religion is my greatest interest, and I want to experience it more deeply and richly, I invite my soul to the companionship of the greater souls, who have frequently been in the spirit, not only on the Lord's Day, but on other days too, which are equally the Lord's, and have seen the realities of the spiritual world. I want to move in this world under their inspiration and direction. If you do too, then I can commend to you Phillips' "The Devotional Literature of Scotland," wherein you will learn much about a little book I have read and reread, Scougal's "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," and also I can commend heartily Sedgwick's "Pro Vita Monastica." The name of the book is repelling, the character of the book is very good, and ministers especially need to take to heart what the writer says in the introduction, and the rest of the book is for all who would cultivate their spiritual nature.

There are other well worth while books which make their appeal and which show the currents of thought in theology and philosophy. The Bible challenges the modern mind and the new studies of it make it a fascinating and richly rewarding book. To go with Skinner in his "Prophecy and Religion," Macfadyen's "Interest in the Bible," Smith's "The Religion of the Psalms," Headlam's "Life and Teaching of Christ," Dodd's "Meaning of Paul for To-day," Peabody's "The Apostle Paul" and "The Modern Mind," and Scott's "Epistle to the Hebrews," is to follow the scholars and to share in the wealth of the Bible.

Great questions of thought on ultimate matters are being asked by many thoughtful men, and reverent and fearless thinkers are giving their answers, and with such thinkers as Professor Beckwith in his "Idea of God," Jacks in "Religious Perplexities," Dean Inge in "Outspoken Essays," and Pringle-Pattison in "The Idea of Immortality," one is put into touch with the best thought of the day.

I went to the seed market the other day, got my catalogue, looked it over, made my selection of the seeds I wanted, some the old staple kind, and some new ones. Do the same with my catalogue of books. Select what appeals to you, what falls in with your special purpose, and your time and taste and desire.

Miss Royden on Sentiment in the United States

WE publish herewith some interesting letters bearing on Miss Royden's report of her visit to the United States made upon her return to England.

The *London Daily Mail*, Paris edition, under date of May 18 published the following:

U. S. Support for France

America is practically solid in her moral support of French action in the Ruhr, said Miss Maude Royden, the woman preacher, at the Kingsway Hall, London, last night. Miss Royden has recently returned from a lecturing tour in the United States.

Feeling that Miss Royden had been improperly quoted and being in touch with the religious press of the United States, which seemed practically unanimous the other way, Dr. van Schaick wrote to Miss Royden as follows:

Hotel Vouillemont, Paris,
May 18, 1923.

Dear Madam:

I beg to enclose clipping from the *Daily Mail* of to-day.

I want to make use of it in connection with my correspondence for the *Universalist Leader*, and do not want to quote you inaccurately.

Will you drop me a line and tell me if this represents your opinion?

Yours sincerely,
John van Schaick, Jr.,
Associate Editor Universalist Leader.

Miss Maude Royden,
London, England.

To this letter Miss Royden made the following reply:

16 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead,
May 23, 1923.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your letter of May 18 and the clipping enclosed.

May I draw your attention to a leading article in the *New York Tribune* of March 20, 1923, in which these figures are given?

"Two striking polls recently have been taken to ascertain American sentiment toward French occupation of the Ruhr. One was a poll of editors of Associated Press newspapers throughout the United States and was conducted by the *Spokesman Review*, of Spokane, Wash. Out of 332 who answered 239 voted 'emphatically yes' in approval of the French invasion of the Ruhr Valley. 'Emphatically no' was voted by sixty-five; twenty-four were conditionally favorable; four were undecided."

I am aware of course that this is an anti-English paper, but the actual figures are of more value than the opinions generally expressed.

My own impression is that these figures accurately represent the general tone of public opinion in America.

Yours sincerely,
A. Maude Royden.

P. S. The article goes on to record a vote of Yale students as "three to one" in favor of French invasion.

The following letter from Dr. van Schaick closed the correspondence:

Hotel Vouillemont, Paris.
May 24, 1923.

Dear Madam:

I am happy to get your letter of May 23. I did not believe the clipping to be accurate and am glad to be set straight.

I have been away from the United States since January, and in the Far East. I therefore speak with some diffidence about public opinion in the United States.

When I left 80 per cent of the sentiment was against the action of France in the Ruhr but a few influential publications like the *Review of Reviews* and a few special correspondents like the French apologist, Frank Simonds, were doing their best to change it.

Since I reached France a week ago I have had an opportunity to see many of my countrymen and to talk of this subject. Among them are men like ——, himself a newspaper writer and owner and one of the most discriminating observers and fair men I know. He has just arrived in France. These people are friendly to France. I do not attempt to quote them but this is a fair report of their statement of public opinion in the United States:

"Sentiment in the United States has changed. It does not favor the action of France any more than it did. But it is much more gentle in its statement of opposition. Instead of denouncing the action with violence and bitterness as we did at first, men are much more likely to say 'Poor France, she was hard hit. I don't blame her so much, but isn't it foolish? It will be tragic in the long run. And it is bad for the whole world.' "

I am inclined to think that this appraisal of the situation is fair and accurate.

As to the New *York Tribune*, it occupies a different position in the country than it did a few years ago. This same brilliant, erratic, prejudiced writer, Simonds, is one of the editors.

May I add that I sympathize with the sane, strong, statesmanlike attitude of England? There is nothing of weak letting up on what is just, but there is recognition of what is possible and what is impossible, and there is consideration of the welfare of mankind.

May I also say that as an American I am grateful for the visits you have made to the United States and for the fine service you have rendered to both countries? I sympathize deeply with your ideal of Anglo-American unity as a start toward world union.

Very truly yours,
John van Schaick, Jr.

Miss Maude Royden,
16 *Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead.*

* * *

JOHN VAN SCHAICK

THE many friends of Dr. van Schaick will be sorry to hear of the death of his father, John van Schaick, on June 9, at Cobleskill, New York. Our readers know that Dr. van Schaick is on an extended trip around the world and will realize what a great grief it must be to him not to have been able to reach home before his father passed away.

John van Schaick was born at Sharon, New York, July 28, 1840. He graduated from the Albany Law School in the class of 1864 and was the Nestor of the Schoharie County Bar, having practised his profession at Cobleskill from the time of his admission to the bar in that year. He was a sound and well grounded lawyer, an able advocate and a powerful speaker, and utterly fearless politically. He was intensely interested in all matters of education and sponsored many progressive policies during his six year term as county school commissioner. He was elected to the New York Senate in 1884, serving during the years of 1884 and 1885.

His grandfather, Koert van Schaick, was a soldier of the American Revolution, having come to Schoharie County with his father, William van Schaick, in 1786, immediately settling on the old farm at Sharon which became the van Schaick homestead.

Mr. van Schaick married Frances E. Shaver of Cobleskill in 1872, who survives him, as do six children—a daughter, Mrs. Arden L. Norton of Cobleskill, and five sons, Charles S. van Schaick of St. Paul, Minn., Col. Louis J. van Schaick of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, George S. van Schaick of Rochester, Francis E. van Schaick of Cobleskill and Dr. John van Schaick, associate editor of the *Leader*.

The funeral was held from the home where he had lived for more than fifty years, the Rev. Freeman S. Kline officiating.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Things Sweet

THERE was a day when Keturah called unto me to come to Lunch. And I came in and sat down over against her.

And she said, Give thou thanks unto God.

And I inquired of her, saying, What for?

And she asked of me, saying, Hast thou no faith?

And I said, I have faith, and that is very nearly all. For I see nothing that I might eat, save thee and a pound of Honey.

And she said, I should think that either one of us might justify thee in giving thanks.

And I said, It is even so, and I will do it. For thou and the pound of Honey are about the Same Size and there are other qualities possessed in common by the two of you.

Now this I said after the manner of men; for all good men do thus jolly up their wives, and the wives pretend not to care for it, but they care.

And Keturah said, Be brief with thy nonsense, and ask God's blessing on the food. For though it be an act of faith, yet shall thy faith bear fruit if thou delay not until the residue of the luncheon burn.

So we bowed our heads, and we gave thanks unto God for each other, and for our Home, and for our Children and for our Friends, and for the Food that I had faith to believe was coming.

Then went Keturah to the Kitchen, and she returned with a Wondrous Corn Cake.

Now the color of it was the color of Pure Gold refined in the fire. And the Odour of it was a Sweet Smell. And the appearance thereof was enough to make the mouth of a Dyspeptick water.

And she cut the Golden Corn Cake, and gave unto me a Great Square of it, an Acre or less in Area. And I cut it in twain with a Knife, and laid the two halves upon my Plate, and spread it over with Butter, and then I laid honey upon the top.

And when I had eaten it all, then did I pass back my plate, and Keturah gave unto me another Acre or less. And that also did I eat.

Now there was a time in our early married life when Keturah was wont to say, Take heed that thou eat not too much of food such as this. But she saith that no longer.

And I ate, until I desired no more.

And I said, Keturah, there is less of the Honey, but thou art the same. And I said something further to her about the Honey and Herself, but that is not for Publication. Only this I thought, how good it is for a man to have Food and plenty of it, and to have it rich and sweet and wholesome, and to have an Home that is sweet and companionable and to have an appetite and a job.

Now I have read that George Washington ate plentifully of Corn Cake and Honey; and I marvel not that he was great.

Beloved, see to it that thou keep thy tastes simple and normal, and that thou love thine own home. For the age in which we live hath great need of these very elementary lessons in the science of right living.

* * *

PREACHING GOOD WILL

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Several aspects of the question raised by Oluf Tandberg's "The Red Flag,, and subsequent letters to the editor are worthy of careful attention.

One phase of the question is this: Is the social order "a copy of man's inner world" in any democratic sense, or is it, for the great majority, an objective reality in the creation of which they have exerted little or no conscious control?

In a world where money is such a powerful factor as it is in ours it seems logical, to me, to conclude that the predominant figure in the pattern of our nation's social order is more likely to be determined by the two per cent of our population who own sixty-five per cent of the wealth rather than by the ninety-eight per cent of our people among whom is scattered the remaining thirty-five per cent of wealth.

In Mr. Tandberg's letter in the issue of May 12, he points out that behind all degrading social conditions there is "a powerful and dominating social element, whose mind and morals they reflect." This social element, however, is usually composed of a comparatively small number of people. But though they be few in number it is very difficult to enlighten the minds or heighten the morals of these people while the degrading conditions for which they are responsible react to their financial advantage, which is often the case.

And even when a man like Mr. Nash becomes converted to the principle of the Golden Rule and voluntarily changes the "objective arrangements" under which his workers toil, what guarantee have they that their improved conditions will outlive their noble employer?

Certainly there is a place for the preaching of good will, and if my quotation from Professor Dewey seemed to indicate that he held that there was not, I am sure that I misrepresented his position. The point which I would stress, and which I think Professor Dewey is stressing, is that the churches have usually put undue emphasis upon individual conversion and the preaching of personal righteousness as means of promoting the cause of the kingdom of God and have failed to give due consideration to that other powerful factor, just social legislation adequately enforced.

In the liquor question we were not content to wait until a continent population should cause saloons to close for lack of demand for their wares, or until all brewers and bartenders had been converted to the cause of temperance. In other great social and economic matters such as lynching, child labor, unemployment crises, the ten hour day, etc., we must not wait until the time when mobs will be less excitable and employers more just, but we must invoke the power of legislation which is the schoolmaster needed to bring many of us unto Christ.

Edward A. Lewis.

Osage, Iowa.

* * *

A TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM H. HART, JR.

There passed away from us, on the 12th of May, a rare man. Such of the local papers as accorded the event something more than the usual obituary space stressed certain points in his career which, while true enough in themselves, hardly gave an inkling of the real man. It was brought out that he died in his eighty-second year, that he came of an old Philadelphia family, that he was a manufacturer and inventor, a superintendent of Sunday school and a moderator of his church.

But what constituted the pure gold of the life of William H. Hart, Jr., his wonderful character as it manifested itself in his relations toward his fellow men, was not even touched upon. Yet there are scores of persons in this city and elsewhere, upon whom he has left a deep impress, and who, if they arose to tell of their experiences of this man's goodness, of the important part he has played in their careers, in their successes and achievements, would reveal him as a unique benefactor of his kind.

His was not the nature that gave merely for the purpose of easing his conscience, nor, having once given material aid, did he feel himself thoroughly acquitted, never giving another thought to the recipient of his bounty. With him it meant a lifelong attachment. Once his interest was aroused in a needy subject, be he Jew, or Gentile, white or black, he had him always in his ken.

He would go out of his way to relieve distress. It may have been a poor immigrant boy who was struggling for an education amidst untoward surroundings, an unfortunate stowaway in a ship who was threatened with deportation, a poor bereaved father who had lost his child through an accident, and whom the tragedy had so unnerved as to render him unfit to pursue his occupation for a time—one and all had claims upon his sympathy and his bounty.

As an employer of men and women it was hard to find his match. From foreman to colored shipper, all looked upon him as their friend and protector. Nothing amiss could happen in the family of any one of his employees, of which he would not at once be made acquainted. Such was his interest in their welfare that they never hesitated to carry to him their troubles. And all this was done with such a quiet self-effacement, such hearty good nature, that the recipient almost believed it was his due.

Yet this wonderful man passed away from us with hardly an allusion in the public press of his native city to his sterling qualities! But it was just like him to leave us thus unnoticed, unwept and unsung. With him, truly, virtue was its own reward.

J. H.

Home and Children

CANDELABRA

I love the wonder-working fingers
Of springtime in Japan!
She weaves a priestly robe of green for Nature,
And broiders it with white and rose and gold.
She lifts the veil of snow
From the beautiful mountain-shoulders,
She fills the holy places of the forest
With psalms and canticles of praise.
Incense of fragrant leaves and blossoms
Floats from her footsteps in the temple.

Where are the candelabra for the altar?
Behold, the fingers of Springtime have prepared them!
She has wrought silently, I think, in the midnight;
Bending the dark bronze boughs of the pinetrees
Outward and upward in lines of beauty.
On the tips of all the branches, straight and slender,
Silvery candles are set in millions,—
Every one standing upright,
Every one touched with the white flame of life.

Henry van Dyke.

* * *

THE RED BALLOON PARTY

Rose Brooks

SIX small boys sitting in a dejected row on a stone wall sprang to life at the sound of a shrill whistle.

"Balloon-man!" said Peter, with as great interest as if he were three instead of eleven. Sure enough, around the curve of the road came the familiar balloon-man, his hat battered as ever, in one hand a cluster of gay balloons,—blue, yellow, red, —in the other hand a satisfying collection of gaudy paper windmills.

Peter's mother watched from a window. Seeing by chance the dejected row, she was about to call out a suggestion when the balloon-man saved her the trouble. "What can they want with a balloon?" she thought as the six scampered toward their old friend. Each boy was searching his pockets and evidently the collection of pennies had totaled ten, for the balloon-man smiled upon them with a flash of white teeth, and, loosening one white thread, passed over to the waiting group one red balloon. "Now what can they want with a balloon?" Mother repeated to herself as the boys, all animation now, scuttled through the back yard, across the little brook, and into the meadow beyond. To satisfy her curiosity, Mother went out on the sleeping-porch and watched. Every boy was chattering, though Mother's ears caught no distinct words.

"Oh, well,—their own pennies," she reflected just as a great shout arose.

Peter held the balloon string, and amid the clamor up sailed the red balloon, higher and higher, till a friendly breeze took it in charge and blew it across the meadow and out of sight, the while six small boys waved their arms after it.

"Well, I must say that fun didn't last long," thought Mother, turning on her heel. And that was the last she thought of the red balloon till she and Peter sat face to face at the luncheon-table.

"We bought a balloon this morning," said Peter, whose cheery habit was to recount his doings.

"So I saw," said Mother. "You're all about three years old, aren't you?"

Peter smiled. "Ho! We didn't buy it just to play with! Course not."

"No?" from Mother.

"No," said Peter. "We made believe it was an airship, and it flew away. Course nobody could be the pilot, but it'll come down somewhere. There are boys everywhere, aren't there, Mother?"

"Yes," agreed Mother. "Fortunately there are. But when the red balloon comes to earth it will be in no condition to amuse little boys and girls. Did you think it would?"

"Course not," said Peter, helping himself to his fourth roll, and added casually, "We tied a note to it."

"Oh, well!" said Mother. "Now dawn begins to break. What did the note say?"

"Jack found a pencil in one pocket," resumed Peter, leisurely going into details, "and Tom had a knife to sharpen it, and Jimsy found a piece of paper in his pocket, and we spread it out flat on Sunset Rock and we wrote the note. Course I can't remember just 'zactly the words, but we said who we were and where we lived, and we said we played together all the time, and we said we thought it would be fun to play with somebody we'd never seen some day. And whoever found the note would he write to me, and I gave my address, and maybe we could meet him and his friends at some place half way between and have a picnic. Could we, Mother?"

"Wait till you get an answer to your balloon message," counseled Mother. "Then we'll see."

The next morning but one, the postman brought a letter addressed in a childish hand to Peter Martin. "Peter!" called Mother, and in answer appeared not Peter alone, but Peter with five boys at his heels. "Peter!" Mother waved the letter. "Maybe this is in answer to your red balloon!"

Peter tore open the envelope and all six read aloud:

> *Dear Peter Martin:*—Six of us play together, too, three boys and three girls. We live in Claremont, so the red balloon came five miles, and it came down in my yard and we found the note, and our mothers say we may have a picnic if your mothers say so, too. We could have it at the Maze. Everybody knows where that is and it's about halfway. Can you come next Saturday and be there at ten? We all have bicycles. Have you?
>
> *John Barton.*
>
> Write to 67 Windsor Street.

The boys looked at each other in a silence Mother failed to interpret. "Girls!" exploded Peter. "Three of them girls!"

"How lucky!" said Mother, before another boy could speak. "Girls are every bit as much fun as boys—did you ever think of that? I've always wished this boy neighborhood knew some little girls, and now your red balloon is bringing some."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Peter.

"No fun going," said Jimsy. "Hop-scotch—that's what I s'pose they'd want to play."

"Dolls, maybe!" suggested Tom, in masculine scorn.

"You've set the ball rolling, or rather the balloon sailing," said Mother. "Suppose you leave the rest to me? I'll write the note to John and ask him to show it to all the mothers. And instead of meeting at the Maze this first time, suppose you come here? I'll have luncheon for all of you, and if by chance it should turn out that the girls like to play something besides hop-scotch and dolls, you might arrange a picnic there for another day."

So Mother wrote the note and sent it immediately, and by return post the answer came saying the six children would be delighted to come the following Saturday.

"Will they be all frilled up—the girls—the way some of them are at dancing-school?" asked Peter, as he brushed his hair in readiness.

"Never—on bicycles," Mother assured him. "Remember, not one of you is to peek into the dining room."

At 9.45 six small boys in khaki play-clothes sat on Peter's doorstep. Presently six shining bicycles came in sight, on three of them, boys, also in khaki playclothes, and on the other three, girls, in white middies and serge bloomers.

"Why, they look all right!" said Peter to his mates, as all six ran to the road.

"Here we are—I'm John Barton," said the biggest boy, and instantly there fell one of those inexplicable silences which preface the acquaintanceship of children. Mother saved the day by coming quickly out, and in two minutes everybody was chattering and laughing and wheeling the bicycles into the shade of the big oak.

"They didn't wear hats—the girls," whispered Peter to Jimsy, and in his voice approval rang.

Before they knew it they were all playing games—just the same games the six boys liked best to play—Hoist-the-green-sail, Duck-on-the-rock, I-spy. Hop-scotch was not so much as mentioned—and dolls? Undreamed of.

Surely it wasn't time for luncheon? Yet there was Mother calling them and in they scampered—old friends all, in the space of two hours.

Washed and freshened they stood in line, girls first, in the hall facing the closed dining-room door, and after an expectant minute or two Mother opened it from the inside. In crowded the children, and how they laughed! Tied to each chair was a red balloon—the identical balloon, one would say, that sailed away over the meadow and brought the twelve children together.

Of course luncheon was delicious, and of course there was ice-cream and cake for dessert. And afterward there was much laughter and busy writing of notes, and in the front yard suddenly twelve bobbing balloons flew upward, upward, till again a friendly little breeze blew them out of sight.

"What did you all write in your notes?" asked Mother. "Do tell me, one at a time."

"I told about the red-balloon party," began Dorothy, and before she could go on, eleven surprised voices in unison interrupted her.

"So did I!"

"Now play anything you like," said Mother, when the laugh subsided. "And if you should get tired enough to play sitting-down games, I'll come and play, too."

"Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," began John, counting to see who should be "it" in the next game.

"Same way of counting, same games everywhere, besides boys and girls everywhere," said Mother, smiling at Peter.

After the party was all over and six bicycles were on their homeward way, Mother said to the boys: "John gave me this just as he was going. It's a note from his mother, asking you all to his house for a play next Saturday."

"Hooray!" shouted six boys.

"You want to go, even if there are girls?" asked Mother, mischievously.

"Guess all girls aren't like these," Peter defended himself to his cronies. "These girls were 'most as good fun as boys!"

"What compliment could be greater?" said Mother, gravely, then, watching the six suddenly intent on some interest which led them to race out of the yard, she added to herself, "Now, wouldn't it have been a pity if I'd told them not to waste their pennies on a babyish red balloon? I often wish grown-ups had as much sense as children."

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* * *

LEGISLATORS ON MUSIC

A letter to the *Nation* throws more light on the minds of these legislators:

"It became known several weeks ago that Paderewski intended to visit Austin. Soon after the news arrived, Rep. R. C. — sent to the Speaker's desk a resolution signed by many members extending a Texas welcome to 'the great *Russian* ex-premier and famous *baritone singer*,' and asking him to sing before them. This resolution was adopted without challenge and by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives."—*Appeal (St.Paul).*

* * *

NOT INTERESTED

The lumberjack was being cross-examined in a north woods murder trial. "You say the murder occurred on the night of March 5th?" questioned the attorney for the defense.

"Ya-as," said the Swede.

"You say," continued the lawyer, "you saw the defendant murdering the woman—saw it with your own eyes?"

"Ya-as," said the lumberjack.

"You also say," concluded the triumphant attorney, "that at the time you saw the murder you were two miles away from the scene of the crime?"

"Oh, well," said the Swede, stretching his arms and legs, "Ay don't care much for this trial anyhow."—*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

* * *

RATHER LATE

It is almost always a professor that appears as the hero in stories of absent-mindedness. Accordingly it was a professor that—so we learn from the *London Sketch*—came home one day after a heavy storm in a very bedraggled condition. His wife met him at the door. As he greeted her he remarked that he had forgotten his umbrella, and his wife, astonished that he even remembered that he had forgotten anything, asked him when he had thought of it.

"Why, my dear," he said with a smile of satisfaction, "when it stopped raining, and I went to shut it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

June 24. Cambridge, Mass., First Church.

June 30. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Woodstock.

July 1. Weymouth, Mass.

July 11-17. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Muncie, Ind.

July 20-29. Southern Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Aug. 2-5. Texas State Convention, New Castle.

Aug. 12-19. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

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A CHURCH THAT CAN SEE AHEAD

Here is a message from Dr. Lewis B. Fisher of Chicago, who, in addition to his duties as Dean of Ryder Divinity School, is serving as minister of the Church of the Redeemer:

"The Mid-West Y. P. C. U. Members Must Get to Muncie.

"I am asking the Redeemer to send its Y. P. C. U. to Muncie in a body. The parish will do it if it can possibly find a way. We must not let our Y. P. C. U. catch the disease known as 'localitis.' We have a message which is the only key to the universe. Let us be 'Universalists.' A big Convention will help us do this."

The Church of the Redeemer in Chicago is neither large nor wealthy, but it can see ahead to the time when the young people of to-day will be the Church of the Redeemer, and it does not propose either that they shall be localists instead of Universalists or that they shall grow up to the responsibilities of later life without that training in leadership which the Young People's Christian Union, in a great convention, affords.

The Muncie Convention will be a large convention, according to all present indications. But it ought to be still larger and it will be if other churches will follow the lead of the Church of the Redeemer and some others, which are planning to send practically all the members of their Unions to Muncie, even though the distance may be, as in the case of the two Unions in Minneapolis, upwards of six hundred miles.

There is no church so poor or so distant that it can not send at least one of its Unioners to this convention if in that church there are two or three who can see ahead and discover that the cost of a trip to Muncie is not simply a delightful vacation for some one, but a real investment in the church efficiency and church leadership of the future.

* *

SOME OTHER SUGGESTIONS

The article published two weeks ago on this page and entitled "S. O. S." has led to some rather interesting "Comebacks."

Some have said, "That's the thing; we must help." Others have said, "This is something for the General Convention to undertake." Still others, and the great majority, have said nothing.

The Director of Young People's Work has no desire to press this matter except to bring to the attention of the Church the fact that here is a problem which our brothers and sisters in the South can not solve without our, at least temporary, help.

Are We Congregationalists or Episcopalians?

These "Comebacks" are illustrative of two different types of mind among us. The congregational mind utilizes a denominational organization only for doing those larger tasks which are beyond the possibilities of a local church. It feels perfectly free to undertake any sort of enterprise on its own responsibility, without consulting "the men higher up."

The episcopalian (or presbyterian) mind awaits the iniative of the larger organization, and then undertakes to perform the task assigned.

There are advantages in each, but success depends upon a different set of qualifications in either case.

If we are congregationalists (psychologically) we must have the daring to initiate and carry through projects that challenge us to larger tasks than we have ever undertaken heretofore. It was in the hope that some of our churches might do this to the extent of adding to their salaried workers a missionary pastor and send him to a Southern circuit, that the S. O. S. call was sent out.

The fact of the matter is that our church polity is a combination of these two: it is neither ultra-congregational, in which the local parish can do as it may please, regardless of all the rest, nor is it wholly episcopalian or presbyterian, in which the governing individuals or organizations are absolute. But if we take this fact as an excuse for "passing the buck" when an opportunity opens or a call for help comes, so that the General Convention officials say, "Our hands are tied; we can not appropriate money which the churches do not give;" and the churches say, "This is what we have a General Convention for; it is the Convention's affair, and not ours"—well, long ago some one had something to say about those who were asked, "Why halt ye so long between two opinions?" We must make up our minds to be a mighty army and move like one both in our ordinary work and likewise when an emergency arises, or we must be ready to meet cases of urgent need by special and if necessary extra-legal methods, moved by the universalism of our faith and not by what our next-door neighbors do or fail to do.

My own personal preference is for the former method; I would rather be a buck private in this army, to go or come or stay, to give or to withhold, as my commanding officer might order; and I should like him to have the reserve of power necessary to meet emergencies, as does the President of the United States, for instance—only I should want the right, under proper restrictions, to prevent ill-considered or hasty action, to return this C. O. to the ranks and elevate some one else to that position.

But whether we are congregationalists or episcopalians or presbyterians, let us be universalists, and go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, June 15.

For the Quiet Hour

In the list of the Beatitudes it is Humility to which the first crown is given. Unless a man becomes as a little child, he can not enter the kingdom of heaven, and unless he remains a little child, he can make no progress therein. The man who is always teaching must be evermore a learner.

Charles E. Jefferson.

The cure for questionings of His providence is experience of His nearness, and blessedness therein. Things that loomed large dwindle, and dangers melt away. The landscape is the same in shadow and sunshine; but when the sun comes out, even snow and ice sparkle, and tender beauty starts into visibility in grim things. So, if we see God, the black places of life are lighted; and we cease to feel the pressure of many difficulties of speculation and practise, both as regards His general providence and His revelation in law and gospel.

Alexander Maclaren.

He that sins against his conscience, sins with a witness.

Thomas Fuller.

"Seen . . . not seen, temporal . . .eternal"—the two languages each with a grammar of its own; two styles of music, two gamuts, two different ranges altogether of utterance. Here is a new standard of proportion and a new light of color and a new expression of life; here, indeed, is a new language bigger and better than our mother tongue.

Joseph Parker.

God is the one power of life. What can exist beside Him but what is like Him? Nothing, sooner or later nothing but what is like Him. The will that is as His will. the heart that is pure, the character that is transparent—only these dwell with the everlasting fire, and, burning with God, as the bush which Moses saw, are nevertheless not consumed.

George Adam Smith.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. And ews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

NEWS FROM CLINTON CIRCUIT

We have two Mission Circles in our circuit. one at Clinton and one at Red Hill. Both keep up their meetings though often with small attendance. A few members of the Clinton Circle were able to attend and take part in the program on "Lighted to Lighten," which course I conducted during Lent.

The response to the call for the payment of a greatly increased quota has been an agreeable surprise to me. Clinton Circle has sent in contributions to the amount of $43.60 from twenty members. Red Hill has paid $30.30 from seventeen members, and in the circuit we have eight members-at-large who have paid $14.60, making a total of $88.50. This represents the full amount asked for from twenty-five local members, and three members-at-large; amounts from the other twelve local members and five members-at-large varying from $1 to $2.10.

In a few cases I know that the $2.70 has meant a very real sacrifice, and in some cases even the $1 has meant genuine self denial. We have tried to see to it that the *Bulletin* should go into every home, even though the amount paid did not provide for it. I believe this will help very greatly to impress our women with the importance of the work, and with its right to demand the loyal help of every Universalist woman.

I know there "used to be" some women in the North who actually could not see the vision of the Universalist faith in action, and there may be some there yet. I fear there are some here of that type who have never heard that admonition which came to one of the early missionaries: "Expect great things from God, attempt great things for God." But I am sure the light is reaching farther and farther North, South, East and West.

The Clinton Circle has been struggling bravely to pay the delinquent street paving tax, and has had the parsonage and the roof of the church painted, which seemed imperative. This was made possible by the successful eating booth conducted last fall at the County Fair by the Circle, assisted by Red Hill women and friends from the other churches of the circuit.

The selling of "rummage" goods has been a constant source of income, especially since the visit of Mrs. Allen and Miss Andrews. We think they must have told the women of our churches in Massachusetts, New York, Michigan and Ohio about our need, for we have received generous donations from all these states, for which we are very grateful on behalf of our people and our work. We try to acknowledge promptly the receipt of every package that comes, so if you have sent us goods and we have not written, please drop us a card asking us to let you know about it.

You might not enjoy having the front porch of your parsonage decorated with old clothes all day every Saturday, but that seems to be the only solution of the problem here at present, so send them on. I think the plan of packing strong pasteboard boxes not too large or too heavy for the parcel post, is best; but we received two large barrels yesterday by freight, in perfect condition.

We have demand for all kinds of clothing and shoes, but the demand for children's clothes and shoes is never satisfied. We can not sell garments that need mending or laundering—we do sometimes give these away.

The opportunities for helping in numberless ways make me feel that I am very inadequate, but to know that we are able to serve where there is real need is very precious, and we try to be true disciples of him who "went about doing good."

Martha G. Jones.

Clinton, N. C.

* *

Eventually—

You will want to send your Sunday school and Guild girls to Camp Murray at Northfield, Mass.

Why Not Now?

The dates are July 13-20 and the conference promises to be the best ever. Registrations are being made, so if you wish your delegates to be cared for, send word of your plans at once. Full information regarding rates, programs, etc., will be sent you if you will write to the Camp leader.

Write to Rena E. Bradley, 17 Spruce Street, Springfield, Mass.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU NEED A STEREOPTICON?

A reliable lady tells us that she has a Victor stereopticon in good condition and a large aluminum screen which she is willing to sell at half price. We will be glad to furnish her address to any Sunday school that may be interested.

* *

ROOMS AT FERRY BEACH

The Sunday school faculty at Ferry Beach will have good rooms at the Underwood, and with good rest and good food, will be ready to give efficient service.

What about rooms for the representative of your Sunday school? Application should be made without delay, for it is certain that all accommodations will be full. Write to Rev. Clinton Scott, 1620 Master St., Philadelphia.

* *

THE EXPERIMENT AT WORCESTER

The brave pastor and people at Worcester First have been trying an experiment, partly for their own benefit and partly for the enlightenment of us all. The children above the primary department have attended the opening services of the church, remaining until the hymn before the sermon. They have then gone to their rooms and had their Sunday school lessons at the same time that their fathers and mothers were listening to the words of Dr. Tomlinson. One good result has been that several families not hitherto present at church have been able to attend, inasmuch as parents and children could come and go together.

There are obvious advantages and disadvantages connected with such a plan and the Worcester friends are not ready to say whether they will continue it in the autumn. At any rate they are entitled to our gratitude as pioneers in a field about which we all must think.

Worcester is fortunate in securing the services of Miss Minerva Dickinson, who will graduate this year from St. Lawrence, having completed the course for pastor's assistant. She will devote her full time to the work for the Sunday school and young people.

* *

YOUR OWN PROBLEMS AT THE INSTITUTES

The instructors at Chattanooga, Ferry Beach, Murray Grove and Chicago will be men and women who know the conditions in ordinary schools and who will talk about real problems and not imaginary ones. Moreover, there will be ample time for asking questions. That is why our denominational schools are likely to be more profitable than the great interdenominational gatherings.

* *

CHARLESTOWN ON THE LIST

Miss Helen Priest, of Charlestown, Mass. has been perfect in Sunday school attendance for nine years. Good for Helen and good for Charlestown! We gladly begin a new page on our Honor Roll.

* *

"YOU MAY DEPEND ON ME"

An honored Universalist from the Pacific Coast sends us his check for a hundred dollars and says that we may depend on him to contribute a like sum each year for the support of our Sunday school work. A good many other friends, sending gifts large or small, indicate their intention to make the General Association the recipient of yearly support. Thanks, good helpers. The feeling of security is very comforting.

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

Concord.—The acceptance of the invitation to become pastor at Denver by Rev. H. H. Niles marks the closing of a most successful pastorate at Concord. Indeed Mr. Niles has been pastor not only at Concord but at Nottingham and has also served a large country round about, his services having been in constant demand by our isolated Universalists. As chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature he has become widely known throughout the state and has been constantly drafted by fraternal orders and for public celebrations of every sort. Notwithstanding his outside work and his rather frail physique, he has found opportunity to increase the efficiency of the Concord parish very greatly and has won the love and esteem of his people very completely. The parish will immediately seek a successor to Mr. Niles, but will not have a long period of candidating if the plans of the trustees carry out. It has been decided that various available men will be heard by committees in their own pulpits and recommendation made to the parish for hearing and election. The pastor should not cover the field which Mr. Niles has covered. It is too great a toll to take from a man's physical strength, and Concord offers a field large enough for any man's effort. Nottingham should be made the center of one of the new circuits which it is hoped can be developed in the state shortly. * * **Gorham.**—The acceptance of the call to the pastorate at Gorham by Rev. Helene Ulrich, assistant pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, settles in a most happy manner the problem in our north country. Miss Ulrich will begin her work on Aug. 1, at the time when the summer visitor season is at its height. In the meantime the parish has taken seriouly the work of preparation for the new pastorate. The Superintendent has been discharged from his temporary pastorate and every effort is being made to have everything ready for Miss Ulrich's coming. With a woman pastor at Berlin and another at Gorham, it will seem like the "good old times" when two of the members of the famous class of Tufts '97, Rev. A. Gertrude Earle and Rev. Isabella S. MacDuff, carried these two parishes to as great prosperity as they ever enjoyed. * * **Claremont.**—The Claremont parish has purchased the so-called Mitchell property, most advantageously located near the center of the town. The place consists of house and barn with a large additional corner lot. The intention is to erect a parish house on the property to afford a center for social and recreational activities, permitting the vestry of the church to be done over into separate rooms to take care of the increasing numbers and needs of the Sunday school. * * **Cheshire Association.**—It was an exceptional number of people who gathered at Westmoreland for the annual session of the Cheshire Association. We suppose the secretary will officially report the meeting, but however important the business may have been, it seems to us that the importance of the occasion was in the evident joy of the people from surrounding churches to gather in the stately old Westmoreland church again. It is with peculiar pleasure that we make the following announcement, therefore. * * **Westmoreland.**—Preaching services were renewed at Westmoreland beginning Sunday, June 10. Mr. Allen L. Carr of Manchester was the preacher upon this occasion, but the work for the summer will be under the direction of the Superintendent, who will preach at Westmoreland every other Sunday until fall. This is part of the Home Mission policy of the State Convention and probably marks the completion of that program for the present year. Funds amounting to a little more than $500 were contributed by New Hampshire people for home mission work and the Executive Board was directed to go to it. As a result, a resident minister has been established at Berlin, the first resident pastor for many years, a resident pastor for the better portion of the year has been placed at West Chesterfield, which for many years has either been supplied from Hinsdale or had only occasional preaching, and preaching services have been re-established at Westmoreland after a lapse of many years. The hearty co-operation of the people in all these places has made these things possible. As the home mission policy is being financed upon a three year basis, it is the hope of the Executive Board to open more of our dormant churches in some of the smaller places and to establish at least three circuits throughout the state. * * **Plymouth.**—It is expected that a deal has been completed with the Episcopal Diocese of New Hampshire by which that organization will take over the ownership of our church at Plymouth. The details of the arrangement have been accepted by Bishop Parker and only the final transfer of the property remains to be accomplished. It is doubtful if we ever had sufficient constituency for the establishment of a liberal church at Plymouth and the sale of the Plymouth church marks the close of an episode which may be counted economically as a failure. We doubt, however, if the balance may be cast with that reckoning only. Earnest and consecrated ministers of our Church have given much of their lives to this parish, and not in vain. And while we have never had a large constituency here, it has been a loyal and a devoted one. While our constituency has grown smaller in the years, it is still loyal, consecrated and devoted and has its influence not only in the moulding of those who have gone out from its fold to strengthen other churches but in the lives of those who still remain, known as Universalists, to leaven and to strengthen the life of the town. * * **New Hampshire in History.**—On a recent trip through the state, we noted in the windows of many book stores enticing displays of a little volume from the pen of Henry H. Metcalf of Concord, entitled "New Hampshire in History." The approaching celebration in the state is evidently creating a demand for this authoritative book. Every Universalist knows its author, a member of our Concord parish and a member of our State Board for many years. * * **State Convention.**—The dates of the State Convention are to be Sept. 18, 19, 20 at Portsmouth. The session is to be a week earlier this year to avoid conflict with the session of the Interdenominational Sunday School Association, in which many of our schools are interested. The arrangement of our program this year will give much more time than usual to our own Sunday School Association which, under the leadership of Mrs. Sarah Morgan Mercer of Nashua, has made a most creditable record of work during the year. It is reported that the State Y. P. C. U. will hold its annual session at a different time and place from the State Convention, this year.

George F. Fortier.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. E. C. Downey, who has recently resigned at Grace Church, Lowell, is living temporarily at 57 Fruit St., Worcester.

Rev. Isaac Smith preached his last sermon in the West Somerville, Mass., church on June 10, and began his pastorate at Grace Church, Lowell, on June 17. His new address will be 611 Westford St., Lowell, Mass.

Mr. O. W. Eames of the Crane Theological School will spend the summer in North Carolina preaching for Rev. Harry L. Canfield, who plans to be in New England and to attend the Summer School at Harvard.

Miss Mildred F. Fortier, twelve-year-old daughter of State Superintendent Fortier of Vermont, has received a gold medal and a check for $15 from the National Highway Education Board, for having written the best essay sent from

any elementary school in Vermont in the national safety campaign. Her essay will also represent Vermont in the national competition.

Dr. Lowe wishes to inform the readers of the *Leader* and through them the denomination at large of the nature and extent of his illness, which was mentioned in this column on June 2. On Wednesday night, May 16, he left the office for his home. The following day he was taken ill with an attack of follicular tonsilitis, but by the end of the week he had improved sufficiently to attend to a business appointment of importance. He apparently overdid, however, and the next day suffered a relapse, and since then has been seriously ill with a general infection of the tonsils and glands of the throat. Mrs. Lowe has kept us here at Headquarters informed of his condition and on June 11 was able to report that he had at last passed the turning point and was now slowly recovering. The illness, however, has been much more serious than was at first anticipated and it will be several weeks before he will be able to return to the office or attend to any business matters. Moreover, it is quite likely that when he is in proper condition again he must have a tonsil operation. The routine office business is being attended to as efficiently as possible under the circumstances, and it is hoped that allowance will be made for any delays which may occur.

Mrs. Edward C. Barney has been teaching through the year in Institutes of Religious Education in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine and New Hampshire. She gave thirteen talks in Albany and vicinity during Children's Week. She will teach in Summer Schools in the New Hampshire University and also at Northfield, Mass. Courses this year by her will be in child psychology and on "The Rights of the Child," and on "Special Days in Home and School." She has had articles this year on "Boys and Girls in Recent Fiction" and on "Religion and Youth" in the *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher* and in the *Church School*. She is now preparing programs for meetings of Mothers' Clubs and Parent-Teachers Associations, for publication in the *Pilgrim Elementary* next year.

Maine

Rockland.—Rev. John M. Ratcliff, pastor. The annual parish meeting was held June 11. Reports from all organizations showed one of the most active years in the history of the church. The finance committee reported that the year had brought many extra demands, but all had been met and an encouraging balance was on hand. The Women's Society contributed over $1,500 for current expenses during the year and the Chapin Class, an organization of young women, made appropriations of over $400, a large amount of which was for charity. A successful every-member canvass has been made and a budget of $7,000 provided for the coming year, which includes a ten per cent increase in the pastor's salary, a larger appropriation for the church music, and provisions for extended repairs on property. The State Convention meets with this church Sept. 24-26, and all will be in readiness for a splendid gathering. The Y. P. C. U. is sending four delegates to the national convention in Muncie. The trip is to be made by Ford. The following young men, accompanied by the pastor, will be the delegation: Ellis Mills, Russel Stewart, Raymond Perry, and Sidney Bird.

Maryland

Baltimore.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns will become pastor of this church the first of September, having resigned from the church in Bridgeport, Conn., where he has been pastor since 1919. He preached for us June 17.

Massachusetts

Cambridge, Porter Square.—Children's Sunday was observed on June 10. Seven babies were christened. One man was received into the membership of the church. New families from other suburban sections are moving into the territory of our church, some of whom are reporting to us.

North Weymouth.—The exercises of Children's Day on June 10 brought out our people in large numbers. The church was crowded. Seven babies were christened by Dr. Coons, the State Superintendent, who was with us for the day. Our church will remain open until July 8. Rev. Barton Watson of East Weymouth will supply the pulpit on June 17 and on July 1 and 8. Mr. Hicks, editor of *Onward*, will preach June 24. Our new minister, Rev. John D. Brush, will take up his pastorate the first Sunday in September.

Plymouth.—Rev. S. E. Franc, pastor. Children's Sunday was very appropriately observed, the children of the Sunday school taking part in the program. Miss Dorothy Bruce read a paper on "Religious Education Among Young People," a thoughtful contribution from the point of view of youth. One baby was christened and four people received the right hand of fellowship. The Easter season brought two new persons into the life of our church. At the annual business meeting in May all bills were reported paid, the new furnace paid for, many improvements made in church, parish hall and parsonage and a $2,000 note canceled. It was voted to use $2,500 of the recent Rebecca Eddy bequest to liquidate the mortages on the two old houses by the side of the church. For thirty years the society has been looking forward to the time when these houses could be removed so as to expose the beauty of the architecture of this old colonial building, the oldest church building in Plymouth to-day. Our new minister and his wife have won a place in the hearts of his people as witnessed by the vote of the parish to substantially increase his salary.

Somerville, First.—Rev. George F. Leighton, D. D., pastor. Sunday morning, June 3, the annual memorial service of the Somerville Lodge Knights of Pythias was held in this church with a large attendance. Dr. Leighton preached the sermon. Sunday morning, June 10, Children's Day was observed with special exercises under the direction of the Sunday school superintendent, Albert N. Wade, assisted by Mrs. Wade and Miss Ruth Smith. Six children were christened. At the close of the services each member of the church school was given a potted plant and flowers sent to those who were sick.

Roxbury.—Rev. Stanley G. Spear, pastor. June has been an active month with us socially. At the Samaritan supper the Dramatic Club presented the one act play "The Boob" so pleasingly as to receive a most insistent curtain call. The Sunday school teachers and officers held their last business meeting and luncheon at the home of their treasurer, Miss Killam, June 11. June 12 an "American-Japanese Concert" was given by the Sunday school which in the beauty of its setting and the ability of its artists made an enjoyable entertainment. June 13 the Mission Circle served a "June Special" supper to a large and well-satisfied number of people. A program of readings interpreted musically followed. The Mission Circle has been asked to make this an annual affair. Children's Sunday as usual proved to be our happiest day, with six babies receiving the rite of baptism.

Brookline.—Rev. Fred A. Moore, pastor. A Red and Blue contest in the Sunday school for members and attendance resulted in a victory for the Blues. The Reds, accordingly, gave them a picnic on the lawn of one of their number, Miss Stella E. Adams, on Monday afternoon, June 11. About fifty were present.

Michigan

Lansing.—Rev. G. H. Ashworth, pastor. There have been five accessions to the church since last reporting. The financial condition of the church is improving and we are aiming to do better still. Two endowment funds were established at Easter time, one in memory of Mrs. Irene M. Warner by her daughter, Mrs. Louise A. Cooper, and the other in memory of Dr. Joseph J. Ablett, by Mrs. Joseph H. Ablett. Each fund is for $100 and becomes a praiseworthy example to others. The pastor was called recently to Gaines to attend the funeral of Mr. S. C. Montgomery who had long been a standard bearer of the faith and an active worker in the Argentine church while it had life. Our people greatly enjoyed a Sunday with the Rev. William Couden of Concord who preached in exchange with Mr. Ashworth recently, who reports a most pleasant visit to Concord and Horton where the spirit of "Father" Gibbs is kept alive by the splendid work of Mr. Couden. The visit recently of the Rev. L. R. Robinson of Chicago, Mid-West District Superin-

ndent, left pleasant memories. Mr. obinson's program was cut short by a rrific snow storm which necessitated nceling the preaching service at Eagle. ur people are now in the midst of a mpaign for funds with which to clean e slate of standing obligations, pay wer tax, a street paving assessment, d needed improvements upon the church.

Concord.—Rev. William Couden, pas- r. We have been greatly cheered by cent visits from the Rev. L. Riley Rob- son, our Mid-West Superintendent, and iss Susan M. Andrews of the W. N. M. A. he pastor here delivered the Memorial nday sermon and the sermon before the aduating class of our high school. He so gave the commencement address at ement City and the Memorial Day ad- ess at Homer. On Children's Day he ceived one man into church membership baptism and he christened five children re and one child in the church at Liberty.

Horton.—The Rev. L. R. Robinson reached for us three evenings and great- uplifted our zeal.

Liberty.—Mr. Robinson gave us three renings also. Tangible results will soon reported. We are looking forward to a reacher for the summer, a young stu- nt from St. Lawrence.

North Carolina

Greensboro.—Rev. R. S. Kellerman, stor. Children's Day was observed th fitting ceremony and many floral corations. The pastor christened three ildren. A few Sundays before a child as christened, which has not been re- rted. And on the first Sunday in June ree adults were added to the membership the church.

New York

Potsdam.—Rev. Helene Ulrich spoke re on Children's Sunday and chris- ned four children. The children of the nday school took part in the exercises.

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pas- r. A union Memorial service of the esbyterian, Methodist and Universalist urches was held in the Presbyterian urch Sunday, May 27. On June 10, ildren's Day was observed. The church hool presented the pageant, "Children the Bible." Mr. Carritt gave a talk the child. Two babies were baptized. is is the third pageant that has been ven under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. rritt.

Ohio

Kent.—Rev. Harry M. Wright, pastor. is church has been making progress ng all lines. A young ladies' choir of elve voices under the direction of iss Bockman, a teacher of vocal music the Kent State Normal College, has had ch to do with the growing interest in e regular church service. The instru- ntal music under the able leadership of r. J. Frank Elgin is always at its best d these two features of the service are an inspiration to minister and congregation. The pastor gave the Memorial sermon before the local Post G. A. R. Sunday, May 27, and on Sunday, June 3, delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the class of 1923 in the State Normal College at Kent. The Y. P. C. U. holds regular meetings each Sunday evening and on the fourth Sunday in each month unites with the Disciples and Congregational young people in conducting the main evening service. This is a feature of the union service of the three congregations mentioned which is held every Sunday evening, the pastors of the three churches preaching in turn. Children's Day was observed June 10 with a fine program presented by the Sunday school, in place of the regular morning service, and five children were baptized, and one young man united with the church.

Rhode Island

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pastor. Memorial Sunday we had as guests Harrisville Community Troop of Boy Scouts, of which our pastor is the Scoutmaster. June 10 was observed as Children's Day. One child was baptized. Our pastor spoke on "Playing the Game," which was particularly adapted to the thought and life of the young people. Following the church service a concert program was given by the Sunday school. After the concert the oak-framed changeable letter bulletin board purchased by the Sunday school for the church was presented by the superintendent, Mrs. H. Joseph Hyatt, on behalf of the school, and was accepted by the pastor for the church.

* *

STEREOPTICON AT MURRAY GROVE

The stereopticon, purchased last year and found very satisfactory, will be kept busy during the Murray Grove season. In addition to the delightful travelogs by Mr. Milburn, there will be lectures on denominational subjects loaned by the General Convention and the Women's Missionary Association. The series of Sunday school stereopticon talks will be continued.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,199
Kent, Ohio	1
Concord, Mich.	1
Lansing, Mich.	5
Cambridge, Mass., Porter Square	1
Concord, N. H.	3
Buffalo, N. Y., Grace	2
West Somerville, Mass.	7
Plymouth, Mass.	4
Greensboro, N. C.	3
Boston, Mass., Roxbury	1
Total	1,227

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 134. Kent, Ohio, 4. Newark, N. J., 15. Monson, Mass., 11. Potsdam, N. Y., 4. Concord, Mich., 5. Liberty, Mich., 1. North Weymouth, Mass., 7. Cambridge, Mass., Porter Square, 7. Norway, Maine, 3. Kingston, N. H., 4. Concord, Vt., 3. Danbury, Ct., 12. Concord, N. H., 1. Manchester, N. H., 5. Mount Vernon, N. Y., 4. West Somerville, Mass., 4. Plymouth, Mass., 1. Somerville, Mass., First, 6. Boston, Mass., Grove Hall, 1. Harrisville, R. I., 1. Greensboro, N. C., 4. Middleport, N. Y., 2. Boston, Mass., Roxbury, 6. Bridgeport, Ct., 5. Total 251.

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Notices

UNIVERSALIST LEADERS WANTED

The Publishing House would be glad to receive copies of the *Leader* for March 3 and 10, April 7, 14, 21 and 28, and May 5, 12 and 19, from subscribers who do not wish to keep them.

* *

SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 20 to 30, 1923

The fifth meeting of the Southern Universalist Young People's Institute will be held at the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Church, Friday, July 20. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. F. B. Bishop, D. D.

The faculty is composed of the following: Rev. George A. Gay, Director; Rev. F. B. Bishop, Southern Superintendent; Rev. L. B. Fisher, Dean Ryder Divinity School; Rev. Stanley Manning, Director Young People's Work; Mrs. Katharine Haskell Ball, Missionary. The program will include lectures each morning from nine until twelve; excursions to Lookout Mountain, Signal Mountain, and other points of interest; sunset praise services on the mountains; special sermons by noted preachers; delightful social affairs in the homes of Chattanooga members. Education, Inspiration, Recreation.

Terms: $1.00 enrolment fee, and $10 board and room.

For further information address the Director, Rev. George A. Gay, 1612 East 14th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

* *

1923 YEAR BOOK

The Universalist Year Book for 1923 is ready for distribution. This issue contains 176 pages giving the reports of the General Convention and auxiliary bodies, necrology, directories of general organizations, State Conventions and local churches. The price of the book is one dollar, with discount for ministers and church officers.

Order from Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., cash to be sent with order.

* *

Y. P. C. U. ANNUAL CONVENTION

The thirty-fifth annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Muncie, Ind., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 11, 1923.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

The following amendments to the Constitution, as read at the Worcester Convention in 1922, will be acted upon:

"That in Article V, Section 4, the word national be changed to general in the following phrases: 'The Annual Conventions and other meetings of this organization shall be composed of the National officers and department Superintendents,' and 'in states where there is no State Union by the National Union-at-Large Superintendent,' and that the following words be inserted: 'pastors' assistants' and 'religious directors,' to read as follows: 'and

the ministers, pastors' assistants and religious directors of the parish in which any Union or Junior Union is located.' "

Louis F. Merlin, Secretary.

* *

OHIO CONVENTION

The 98th annual session of the Ohio Universalist Convention will be held in the First Universalist Church, Akron, June 24-28, for the election of officers and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before the Convention.

I. V. Lobdell, Secretary.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Lydia E. Wilson

Mrs. Lydia E. (Browning) Wilson died in Chelsea, Vt., May 22, at the home of her son, Judge Stanley C. Wilson, aged eighty-two years. For many years Mr. and Mrs. Wilson lived on a farm in Orange, but in 1901 they removed to Washington village where Mr. Wilson built a home. Soon after her husband's death in 1912 Mrs. Wilson went to live with her son in Chelsea.

Mrs. Wilson was a woman of pleasing personality, making her home an attraction to a large host of friends. Duty was her watchword. She had strong convictions, and never swerved from what she thought was right. She was a consistent Universalist, a true friend, a most sacrificing mother, a devoted worker in the Church.

Two sons are left to mourn their loss: Robert B. Wilson, M. D., of Red Bank, N. J., and Judge Stanley Wilson of Chelsea; also three grandchildren: Robert B. Jr., Wallace M. and Jean Wilson, all of Red Bank, a niece, Mrs. Della Borrow McIntire, who lived in the Wilson home for several years after the death of her parents, and many other relatives.

The service in Chelsea was attended by Rev. C. F. McIntire of Concord, who came to the service as a mourner. A second service was held in the home church in Washington, Rev. C. A. Simmons speaking most appropriate and comforting words.

C. F. M.

Jesse Harrison Ollom

Born June 30, 1845, Jesse Harrison Ollom of Rockland, Ohio, passed away on May 18, at the age of seventy-eight years. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Jessie Bee and Mrs. Grace Brookhart, with whom he resided at the time of his death.

Early in life Mr. Ollom became a pilot on an Ohio River steamer, and this position he retained for the space of almost forty years. He made a clean record, and of this he was justly proud. He was an honest man, devoted to the best interest of his family, of his community, and of his country.

A loyal member of the Belpre Universalist church, he attended its services whenever opportunity offered and he was physically able to do so. He was not a man of excuses, but willingly fulfilled his obligations to his church.

Mr. Ollom was an almost lifelong subscriber and reader of our denominational papers. At the time of his death, and for years before, he was a constant reader of the *Leader*.

In his departure, his family, his community, and his church sustain a heavy loss.

Margery Gertrude Anthony

Margery Gertrude Anthony, daughter of John and A. Maria Anthony, was born in Boston, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1849, and died at the Buffalo Homeopathic Hospital, May 29, 1923. The eighth in a family of ten children, she was educated in Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y., and her earlier years were spent in teaching school in Erie County and in the city school of Corry, Penn. In 1890 she came to Buffalo, where she has resided since with the exception of the last seven winters, which she spent in Florida on account of failing health.

Miss Anthony was a life long Universalist, especially interested in the larger activities of the denomination as a whole and deeply devoted to its organic life. For many years she was a member of the Boston church, singing in the choir, and doing her part in the Ladies' Circle, of which she was a charter member. In 1892 she joined the Church of the Messiah in Buffalo, where she has been a constant attendant in spite of limitations which would have discouraged a less resolute soul. Her memory was a storehouse of the traditions of Universalism in Western New York. She had known most of the ministers for the last fifty years and had been a part of our denominational history. For many years her thought has been of our State and General Convention, to which her last will and testament bears ample testimony. No church ever had a more loyal and enthusiastic supporter than she.

The final services were held in the Universalist church at Boston and the interment was in the cemetery close by, the house in which she was born on one side and the church she loved on the other. Rev. L. O. Williams of Buffalo was responsible for the rites of the occasion.

L. O. W.

Joseph Watson

Joseph Watson died recently at his home in Mt. Gilead, Ohio. He was born July 31, 1838, near Carlisle, Pa. When only six weeks old he went from Pennsylvania with his parents to Ohio, where he grew to manhood.

In the spring of 1858 he went to Kansas and worked for the U. S. government, carrying supplies from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Fort Union, New Mexico, using twenty-six covered wagons, to each of which were hitched six yoke of oxen, traveling through a country where there were no white people, but inhabited by Indians and buffaloes. This trip took three months.

He with his brother David lived in California eight years. Then he returned to Ohio to live with his mother.

April 25, 1872, he was united in marriage with Miss Catherine A. Sherman of Akron, Indiana, who died May 7, 1899. To this union were born four daughters and one son, two daughters dying in infancy, and the only son, Dr. David S. Watson, died Feb. 13, 1913.

Mr. Watson and his wife joined the Mt. Gilead Universalist church in 1885, while Rev. S. P. Carlton was the pastor. The funeral services were held in the home and were conducted by Rev. Sara L. Stoner of Prospect, pastor of the Mt. Gilead church.

He leaves two daughters, Maggie and Eva; one daughter-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Watson, of Cincinnati; one sister, Mrs. Louise Smith, of Holgate, Ohio, a number of nieces and nephews and many friends.

Mrs. Ira Parsons

All that was mortal of Bertha Smith Parsons, wife of Ira Parsons, of Troy, Pa., was laid to rest in the beautiful Glenwood Cemetery on her 65th birthday, May 11, 1923. Mrs. Parsons was a most loyal Universalist. After the dissolution of our church in Troy, she and her husband took their membership to the Towanda Universalist church. Mrs. Parsons was a woman who made a great many friends. She honored our faith by the life she lived. Beside her husband she is survived by a daughter, Clara, of Cleveland, and a son, Leland, of Philadelphia. The funeral was held from her home on Friday, May 11, in the presence of a large concourse of friends. Rev. J. D. Herrick of Towanda officiated. He was assisted by Rev. Mr. Cameron of Sylvania, a life long friend of Mrs. Parsons, who read the Scriptures, and Rev. Mr. Morse of the local Presbyterian Church, who offered the prayer. A good woman has gone on to her reward and the world is better because she lived. Her husband praiseth her in the gates and her son and daughter, both strong in their faith and members of our church, rise up and call her blessed.

Frank Chase

In the sudden death of Mr. Frank Chase, May 26, the First Universalist Church of Roxbury, Mass., has met with a loss which is felt very keenly by every one connected with the church as well as in the community. Mr. Chase was not only serving faithfully and efficiently as treasurer of the parish, but he was never absent from the church, standing at the door with his cordial and hearty greeting to welcome all who came. Next to his home was his love for his church, and he ever stood ready to serve in any way possible. His life was a fine example of applied Universalism. Nothing finer need be said of any man. He was a charter member of the Universalist Comrades and his place in the ranks will be hard to fill.

After private prayers at his home the funeral was held in the church Tuesday, May 29, and was largely attended not only by the members of the church but by neighbors and business associates. His pastor, Rev. S. G. Spear, conducted the service. Of him it might truly be said, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

Mrs. Haines Hardison

The Santa Paula, Calif., church has lost one of its finest spirits, in the passing of Mrs. Haines Hardison. May Merrill was born in Turner, Maine, March 16, 1857, and early in life removed to Caribou, where she was married to Haines Hardison, and lived for many years, bringing up her five children, one of whom died at the age of nineteen. She was a devoted worker in the Caribou church. In 1911 she and her husband came to California, and settled in Santa Paula, with many other Caribou people. They united with the church, and every Sunday saw them together in their seats. Later, because of Mr. Hardison's health, they removed to Fillmore, but still faithfully attended their church. Mrs. Hardison was a devoted wife and mother, a true friend and neighbor, one of the finest examples of a Universalist Christian.

She passed away on May 25. Funeral services were held in the Santa Paula Church, after which the body was taken to Caribou. She is survived by her husband and four children.

Frank Lincoln Masseck.

Proctor Academy Inn

Third season opens June 27, and closes September 4, 1923.

An ideal summering place amid congenial associations. Golf course in nearby town. Excellent food and good accommodations.

Sunday services in Academy Chapel with excellent music and sermons by representative liberal ministers.

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Andover New Hampshire

THE BETHANY UNION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

For the Board of Managers.

FRANK A. DEWICK, *President*

JOSEPH B. HORTON, *Clerk.*

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Said the man who was trying his best to appreciate good music: "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."—*Christian Register.*

* *

A manufacturer of automobile accessories was hiring a factory superintendent. "There's just one thing more," he said to the applicant who appeared to be satisfactory. "Could you run a house organ in connection with your other work?"

"House organ?" said the man with a puzzled expression. "What's the idea of music in a factory?"—*Boston Transcript.*

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English Clergyman: "And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

Fair American: "You bet, I'll rattle these off sure, but what I've been hankering to see ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper is the Church of England."—*Exchange.*

* *

"Do you know our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."

"Yeah, just like our laundryman."—*The Hamlin Epworthian.*

* *

"Hello, old dears, I haven't seen you since you came back from California."

"No, we've been motoring in Canada since then."

"Are you going to stay around now for a while?"

"Well, we're going abroad day after to-morrow, but we'll be back in time to go South for the winter."—*Life.*

* *

This definition of an expert is given by an English schoolboy: "An expert is a man who knows nothing else."—*Exchange.*

* *

The youngster had thrown a stick at her sister, a year or two her senior. "Katherine," said Daddy, "did you throw that stick at your sister?"

"Yes, Daddy," was the defiant reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because," instantly replied the youngster, with her eyes flashing, "afterwards she hit me."—*Seattle Argus.*

* *

Elizabeth came to school one day in a state of suppressed excitement. Going straight to the teacher's desk, she exclaimed exultantly, "I've got a new little sister!"

"How very nice," replied the teacher.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but this is only a *half*-sister."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"No, but I never can understand where the *other* half is."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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